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THE ROMAN ROAD.

Bury me close to the Roman Road
That the Pageant passing by
May trumpet through my dim abode,
And make it less to die.

To my House of Stone let the rumor
run
Of the ringing reins of old,—
Of horsemen riding in the sun
Through worlds of windy gold.

A pomp of princes, side by side,
The proud Crusaders go,
And now the Free Companions ride,
Glittering row on row.

And slim white girls with burning hair
Dance with the wind; and in
Great ropes of roses red they snare
A gleaming paladin.

O singing East! O dreaming West!
Ride, ride so splendidly
To the City that is loveliest
That never a soul shall see.

I will not lie in a green abode
Away from the hurrying feet.
I have ridden for long on the Roman
Road,
And still is the riding sweet.
Rachel Annand Taylor.

MY BLESSING BE ON WATERFORD.

My blessing be on Waterford, the town
of ships,
For it's what I love to be streeing on
the quay,
Watching while the boats go out,
watching them come in,
And thinking of a one I know that's
sailing far away.

It's well to be in Waterford to see the
ships,
The great big masts of them against
the evening sky,
Seagulls flying round, and the men un-
loading them,
With quare strange talk among them-
selves the time you're passing by.

I love to be in Waterford to see the
ships come in,
Bringing in their cargoes from west
and east and south.
Someday one I love will stand here
upon the quay,
He'll take my two hands in his own
and stoop to kiss my mouth.

W. M. Letts.

The Westminster Gazette.

TO HER GOWN.

(ON LAYING IT BY)

Dear gown, that he has known me in—
And still perhaps his eyes would
trace—
You're blameless, though I could not
win
His love—yours was a faultless
grace!

For so much folly to confess
I chose you wistfully, with care,
Because I think much comeliness
Accrues from comely clothes we
wear.

I'll warrant you became me well—
At once we seemed so long allied,
And by the way your rich folds fell,
To do me honor seemed your pride.

I wonder you should still seem new,
For though indeed if they be told,
The times I wore you were but few,
My heart in the same while grew old.

And as clothes' fashions so soon
change,
And not the comeliest long remain.
Next year you'd be considered strange—
But you shall not be worn again.

You never shall provoke the scoff
Of fools at antiquated worth;
Nor, now that I have left you off,
Be cast to beggars of mean birth.

But in the chest where you must lie
Myself I'll lay you, like a friend;
For with you, too, must be put by
Those dreams that had so soon an
end!

Grace Tollenmache.

DOCTOR SUN YAT SEN AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

A few days ago we received the news that suddenly, and almost simultaneously, a revolution had broken out in Hupeh, Hunnan, and Szechuan. These three provinces are situated in the very heart of China, in the valley of the incomparable Yang-tse-kiang, China's principal high road and trade artery. They have together about 125,000,000 inhabitants. They contain some of the greatest industrial, commercial, and mining centres of China, and they possess an importance comparable with that which Lancashire and Yorkshire have for Great Britain and which the States of Massachusetts, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, with the towns of Boston, Chicago, Saint Louis, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg have for the United States. The position in China is extremely serious, and people are asking themselves. What are the causes of this sudden revolution, and what are its aims? What is the character of its organizer, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and what is his policy? How will the revolution affect China and the surrounding States, especially India? How will it affect the foreigners living in China, European interests, and the balance of power in the Far East? Last, but not least, ought Great Britain, which alone is able to control the situation, to interfere in the struggle, and what should be her policy if other nations wish to intervene?

I have perhaps some qualifications for answering these questions. During many years I have taken a great interest in Chinese history, literature, and politics, and especially in the latter. Only a few months ago I visited the great Chinese settlements in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, and Victoria, British Columbia, where I discussed the situa-

tion in China with many of the most prominent Chinese citizens. In Victoria I had the good fortune of meeting Dr. Sun Yat Sen himself. I spent several afternoons and evenings in his company, and when he found that I had much sympathy with his country and his countrymen, he told me without reserve of his plans, and allowed me to discuss with him every aspect of the Chinese question. As the character of a revolution depends largely on the character of its leader, I would give a brief account of the impression which I received from my intercourse with Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The doctor is a man of medium height, slight but wiry, and is forty-five years old. He speaks good English. He is very quiet and reserved in manner, and extremely moderate, cautious, and thoughtful in speech. He gives one the impression of being rather a sound and thorough than a brilliant man, rather a thinker than a man of action. He does not care to use the dramatic eloquence which appeals to the imagination and the passions of the masses, and which is usually found in political and religious reformers of the ordinary kind. But then the Chinese are perhaps not so emotional as are most Eastern and Western nations. I have heard Dr. Sun Yat Sen addressing a meeting of his countrymen. He spoke quietly and almost monotonously with hardly any gestures, but the intent way in which his audience listened to every word—his speeches occupy often three and four hours, and even then his hearers never tire of listening to him—showed me the powerful effect which he was able to exercise over his hearers by giving them a simple account of the political position in China, of the sufferings of the people, and of the

progress of the revolutionary movement.

The majority of the Chinese in America are revolutionaries, and they worship their leader. Chinamen are commonly supposed to be sordid materialists, devoid of patriotism, and interested only in money-making, who are always ready to sell their country to the enemy. The incorrectness of that widely-held belief, and the influence of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, will be seen from the fact that the Chinese living outside China have given enormous sums to the revolutionary movement. According to the Doctor's statements, many have given him their entire fortune. Even the poorest shopkeepers and laundrymen contribute their mite.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen seems to be actuated solely by unselfish motives. He does not "make a good thing" out of his agitation, like so many professional agitators. I found him at a fourth-rate hotel, a kind of lodging-house for working men, occupying a bare and miserable little room. His dress was modest and his luggage scanty. Upon my inquiring he told me smilingly of the many attempts which have been made on his life, and enumerated the rewards which the Chinese Imperial Government, and various provincial Governments, have offered for his head. If I remember rightly, they amount altogether to the enormous sum of 700,000 taels, or about £100,000. One night, when we had been discussing Chinese affairs till past midnight at my hotel, I wished to accompany him back to his hotel, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, partly from courtesy, partly in order to protect him if he should be attacked. Although he was alone, he absolutely refused my repeated and pressing offers. At last I told him, "With a reward of £100,000 on your head, you should not go alone through the deserted streets of a strange town. If you have no fear for yourself, you should at least spare

yourself for your cause and your country." He replied with a quiet smile which was half sad and half humorous: "If they had killed me some years ago, it would have been a pity for the cause; I was indispensable then. Now my life does not matter. Our organization is complete. There are plenty of Chinamen to take my place. It does not matter if they kill me." That little incident showed the character, spirit, and courage of the man. After saying good-bye at the door of the hotel, I followed Dr. Sun Yat Sen at a distance, feeling responsible for my guest's safety. To my surprise, I found that none of his countrymen were waiting outside to escort him to his hotel. The streets were empty. A Chinaman might easily have earned that night the reward of 700,000 taels. Simple, unaffected, and modest, Dr. Sun Yat Sen gives one the impression of a really great man in the fullest sense of the word. It is ridiculous to compare him with Benjamin Franklin and with Garibaldi, for he stands by himself, and is likely to be classed in history among the world's greatest men. No greater task has ever been attempted than that of reforming the oldest and the most conservative State the world has seen, and of converting it into a republic. The reform of Japan is but a small thing compared with the re-creation of China.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen told me that he had millions of adherents, and described to me the organization of his society, which, with its self-supporting branches, its honorary residents, &c., may be compared with the great political associations existing in Anglo-Saxon countries. The Doctor has led an agitator's life for more than twenty years. At first he was in favor of reform. He became a revolutionary when, at last, he recognized that all attempts to reform China by peaceful and orderly methods were quite

hopeless. He told me that the revolutionary movement had received an enormous impetus when, during the short reform period inaugurated by the late Emperor, many thousands of students belonging to the best families had gone abroad, especially to Japan—in 1905 there were 10,000 Chinese students in Japan—who had come to see with their own eyes the hopeless backwardness of China, the tyranny of its Government, and the necessity of thorough reform in order to save it from utter ruin. Thus, a very large number of men belonging to the educated, cultured, and privileged classes had become his supporters, and had spread the gospel of revolt all over the country. The Government knew the strength of the revolutionary party and feared it. A revolution would break out within two years. Practically the whole of the modern army, that is, that part of the army which has been drilled by Europeans and Japanese, were patriots, and were on the side of the revolution. The Government, being aware of this, relied for its defence on the ancient and unreformed military forces, hired cut-throats without the sense of patriotism, who fought merely for their pay. These guarded the magazines and arsenals, and were provided with plenty of ammunition. The modern army was left without ammunition. To ensure their harmlessness only five cartridges per man were allowed for firing practice, and only small parties of men were given cartridges at any time. The greatest needs of the revolutionaries were money and arms.—By the seizure of the important Hanyang arsenal and treasury, the revolutionaries have obtained both at the outset of their operations, and through their control of mines and factories they can manufacture all the implements, arms, and ammunition which they need.

China has had about twenty dynas-

ties, which have been introduced by as many revolutions, but China has remained unreformed. A change of dynasty is therefore no longer considered a remedy for China's ills. China has hitherto been governed by an absolutism which was supposed to be paternal, but which has become tyrannical. The people are tired of being misgoverned. They wish to govern themselves. The revolutionary party desires to convert China into a republic. China proper is a loose conglomerate of eighteen semi-independent provinces ruled by Viceroy. They are to be replaced by republics having Parliaments of their own. These local Parliaments will look after purely local affairs, while national affairs will be under the control of a supreme National Parliament. The Government of China will be modelled on that of the United States or of Canada, and all has been prepared for effecting such a change. In Dr. Sun Yat Sen's opinion, the Chinese people are able to govern themselves, being industrious, orderly, and docile, especially as they have been trained in the art of self-government and co-operation through their powerful guilds and secret societies. He told me that the Chinese were revolting not against the foreigners but against their corrupt Government, against the Manchus. The Europeans dwelling in China would be safe. A reformed China would be friendly to all nations, but it would expect to be treated as a civilized nation when it had earned the respect of Europe and could no longer be reproached with barbarism.

The Chinese revolution is caused by the mis-government and corruption which are apparently inseparable from China's present form of government. In China there are about 400,000,000 Chinese and 5,000,000 Manchus. The latter, having conquered the country, reserved to themselves all positions of power and profit. They rule through

a host of more or less irresponsible and venal officials, most of whom are Manchus. Self-preservation is the first instinct in men. Owing to their great numerical inferiority it was in the interest of the Manchus that the people should be weak, ignorant, unwarlike, and disunited. Therefore the chief aim of the Manchu policy was not to maintain the integrity of the country and to promote the welfare of the people, but to preserve the power of the ruling caste and to keep the people in subjection. Intercourse with foreign nations would have been profitable to the Chinese traders, and it would have enlightened the Chinese people. However, the enlightenment of the people might become dangerous to the small ruling caste. Therefore the Manchu officials preached hatred to the foreigners, who were excluded from the country. To the Manchus a disastrous war was a smaller calamity than the existence of a national army which might overthrow them. So the Chinese army was neglected, and the country was humiliated and despoiled by all nations. Modern industries and railways would have increased the national prosperity, but as both would have increased the power and cohesion of the people, the introduction of both was forbidden. The people prayed for good and honest government. However, as the officials were Manchus they had to be humored to ensure their fidelity and support, and thus they were allowed to prey upon the people. During two and a half centuries the Chinese were ruled by an absolute and corrupt bureaucracy, and their taskmasters were aliens.

Confucianism, the prevailing doctrine of China, is neither a religion nor a system of transcendental or cosmic philosophy. It is an agnostic system of ethics, and a system of practical, and purely temporal, common-sense philosophy which sees no further than

this earth. It takes practically no notice whatever of the question of an after-life, of eternity, of future rewards and punishments, of God. It teaches merely that one ought to do good because it is man's duty to do good. Confucianism is entirely concerned with the relations between man and man, and it deals very fully with the question of government, with the administration of justice, and other practical matters. Confucianism is the most democratic of doctrines. It condemns in the most unsparing terms governmental absolutism and favoritism, the appointment of incompetent officials, and official tyranny and extortion—the very evils which exist in China. All Chinese study the Classics as soon as they have mastered the alphabet. Mencius, the greatest pupil of Confucius, wrote 2,200 years ago: "The people are the most important element in a nation. The gods come next. The sovereign is the least important of all." That phrase sums up with the characteristic brevity of Chinese wisdom the political doctrines of Confucianism. We read in the *Shu King*, which was written more than 1,000 years before Christ:—

States and capitals are founded, kings, dukes, nobles, and officers are appointed not to minister to the idle vanity and to the pleasure of one but for the good government of the people. Heaven is all-knowing and all-observant. May the King take him as his model. Then ministers will fulfil their duties worthily and the people will be well governed. The mouth gives occasion for shame and arms give the occasion for war. Whether a government be good or bad depends on the various officers. Offices should be given not out of favor, but to reward ability. Dignities should be conferred not on evil men, but on men of worth. Give anxious thought before you act, and act at the proper moment. Admiration of one's virtue will destroy that virtue. Pride in one's ability will

destroy that ability. For all affairs let there be due preparation, for due preparation brings success. Do not advance favorites, for they will despoil you. Do not be ashamed of mistakes and thus make them crimes. Occupy your mind worthily and your government will be pure.

The dominating note in Chinese policy under the Manchu rule has been distrust of the people. Yet the venerable Book of Rites says: "When the masses of the people cannot be trusted by those above them, the people cannot be governed successfully." The present rulers of China have forgotten that excellent maxim.

The character of the teachings of the Chinese sages regarding the relations between the rulers and the people will be seen from the following extracts from the works of Mencius. Conversing with King Hwang, Mencius asked:—

"Is there any difference between killing a man with a stick or a sword?" "There is no difference," was the answer. Mencius continued: "Is there any difference between doing it with a sword and with Government measures?" "There is not," was the answer. Mencius then said: "In your stalls there are fat beasts and in your stables there are fat horses, but your people have the look of hunger and in the fields are those who have died of famine. This is making beasts devour men."

Conversing with King Seuen, Mencius asked:—

"If one of your Majesty's servants had entrusted his wife and children to the care of a friend whilst travelling abroad, and he would on his return find that they had been neglected and had suffered from cold and hunger—how ought he to deal with him?" The King answered: "He should cast him off." Mencius proceeded: "If your chief judge should not keep his officers of justice in order, what should be done to him?" The King answered: "He should be dismissed." Mencius then

inquired: "If within your Kingdom there is no good government, to whom is it due?" The King looked to the right and left in confusion and spoke on other matters.

Official appointments have, until lately, been made solely on the strength of purely literary attainments, although we read in the Confucian Analects, "Though a man be able to recite the three hundred odes but be incapable as an administrator or an ambassador, and cannot work without assistance, of what practical use is then his knowledge?"

Chinese literature is extremely rich in telling proverbs. Many of these insist on the supremacy of the people: "The people's will is the will of Heaven." Others emphasize the authority of the law, and complain of the tyranny of officialdom, the venality of the judges, and the necessity of forming secret societies for the mutual protection of the people. A proverb says: "The mandarin derives his power from the law, the people from the secret societies." Another warns us: "The doors of the law courts stand wide open, but you had better not enter if you are only strong in right, but not strong in cash." Another tells us: "The friendship of mandarins impoverishes; that of merchants makes rich."

The foregoing extracts suffice to show that the tyrannical misgovernment, official incompetence and obstructive conservatism prevalent throughout China are not due to the influence of Confucianism as has hitherto been believed in the West. They are opposed to Confucianism, and are condemned by it.

The condition of the Chinese people has been well described by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, in 1897, in the following words, which incidentally show his great literary ability and power and his wonderful command of the English language:—

The form of rule which obtains in China at present may be summed up in a few words. The people have no say whatever in the management of imperial, national, or even municipal affairs. The mandarins, or local magistrates, have full power of adjudication, from which there is no appeal. Their word is law and they have full scope to practise their machinations with complete irresponsibility, and every officer may fatten himself with impunity. Extortion by officials is an institution. It is the condition on which they take office; and it is only when the bleeder is a bungler that the Government steps in with pretended benevolence to ameliorate, but more often to complete, the depletion.

English readers are probably unaware of the smallness of the established salaries of provincial magnates. They will scarcely credit that the Viceroy of, say, Canton, ruling a country with a population larger than that of Great Britain, is allowed as his legal salary the paltry sum of £60 a year; so that, in order to live and maintain himself in office, accumulating fabulous riches the while, he resorts to extortion and the selling of justice. So with education. The results of examinations are the one means of obtaining official notice. Granted that a young scholar gains distinction, he proceeds to seek public employment and, by bribing the Pekin authorities, an official post is hoped for. Once obtained, as he cannot live on his salary, perhaps he even pays so much annually for his post, licence to squeeze is the result, and the man must be stupid indeed who cannot, when backed up by the Government, make himself rich enough to buy a still higher post in a few years. With advancement comes increased licence and additional facilities for his enrichment, so that the cleverest "squeezer" ultimately can obtain money enough to purchase the highest positions.

This official thief, with his mind warped by his mode of life, is the ultimate authority in all matters of social, political, and criminal life. It is a fatal system, an *imperium in imperio*, an unjust autocracy which thrives by its own rottenness. But this system

of fattening on the public vitals—the selling of power—is the chief means by which the Manchu dynasty continues to exist. With this legalized corruption stamped as the highest ideal of government, who can wonder at the existence of a strong under-current of dissatisfaction among the people?

The masses of China, although kept officially in ignorance of what is going on in the world around them, are anything but stupid people. All European authorities on this matter state that the latent ability of the Chinese is considerable; and many place it even above that of the masses in any other country, European and Asiatic. Books on politics are not allowed; daily newspapers are prohibited in China; the world around, its people and politics, are shut out; while none below the grade of a mandarin of the seventh rank is allowed to read Chinese geography, far less foreign. The laws of the present dynasty are *not* for public reading; they are known only to the highest officials. The reading of books on military subjects is, in common with that of all other prohibited matter, not only forbidden but is even punishable by death. None is allowed on pain of death to invent anything new, or to make known any new discovery. In this way are the people kept in darkness, while the Government doles out to them what scraps of information it finds will suit its own needs.

The "Literati" of China are allowed to study only the Chinese classics and the commentaries thereon. These consist of the writings of the old philosophers, the works of Confucius, and others. But even of these, all parts relating to the criticism of their superiors are carefully expunged, and only those parts are published for public reading which teach obedience to authorities as the essence of all instruction. In this way is China ruled—or rather misruled—namely, by the enforcement of blind obedience to all existing laws and formalities.

To keep the masses in ignorance is the constant endeavor of Chinese rule.

Matters have very slightly improved since 1897. Still, the position is in the main as it was then, and the people are

worse off than they were fourteen years ago, through the very great increase in taxation, and its constantly growing arbitrariness.

The revolutionary principles of Dr. Sun Yat Sen were laid down in a pamphlet of his entitled "The Solution of the Chinese Question," which was published in 1904. As far as I know there is no English translation of that important pamphlet. Some of its most important passages are as follows:—

The Chinese have no real Government. The term "the Chinese Government" is a term without meaning. The Manchus were a tribe of savage nomads who wandered about the deserts of the Amur before they came in contact with the Chinese. Often they made inroads into China and plundered the peaceful inhabitants near the frontier. Towards the end of the Ming dynasty civil war broke out in China and, taking advantage of the confusion, the Manchus conquered Peking. That was in 1644. The Chinese did not want to be enslaved by foreigners, and offered a desperate resistance. To overcome the opposition the Manchus massacred millions of people, warriors and peaceful inhabitants, old and young, women and children. They burned their houses and forced the Chinese people to adopt the Manchu costume. Tens of thousands of people were killed for disobeying their orders to wear the queue. After terrible slaughter the Chinese were forced to submit to the Manchu laws.

The first measure of the conquerors was to keep the people in ignorance. They destroyed and burnt the Chinese libraries and books. They prohibited the formation of societies and the holding of meetings for the discussion of public affairs. Their aim was to destroy the patriotic spirit of the Chinese to such a degree that they should in course of time forget that they had to obey foreign laws. The Manchus number 5,000,000, whilst the Chinese number about 400,000,000. Hence the conquerors live under the constant fear that the Chinese should wake up and reconquer their country.

It is generally believed among the

people in the West that the Chinese wish to keep themselves apart from foreign nations and that the Chinese ports could be opened to foreign trade only at the point of the bayonet. That belief is erroneous. History furnishes us with many proofs that before the arrival of the Manchus the Chinese were in close relations with the neighboring countries, and that they evinced no dislike towards foreign traders and missionaries. Buddhism was introduced into China by an Emperor of the Han dynasty, and the people received the new religion with enthusiasm. Foreign merchants were allowed to travel freely through the Empire. During the Ming dynasty there was no anti-foreign spirit. The first minister became Roman Catholic, and his intimate friend, Mathieu Ricci, the Jesuit missionary in Peking, was held in high esteem by the people.

With the arrival of the Manchus the ancient policy of toleration gradually changed. The country was entirely closed to foreign commerce. The missionaries were driven out. The Chinese Christians were massacred. Chinamen were forbidden to emigrate. Disobedience was punished with death. Why? Simply because the Manchus wished to exclude foreigners and desired the people to hate them for fear that the Chinese, enlightened by the foreigners, might wake up to a sense of their nationality. The anti-foreign spirit created by the Manchus came to its climax in the Boxer Risings of 1900, and the leaders of that movement were none other than members of the reigning family.

It is therefore clear that the policy of exclusion practised by China is the result of Manchu egotism. It is not approved of by the majority of the Chinese. Foreigners travelling in China have often remarked that they are better received by the people than by the officials.

During the 260 years of the Tartar rule we have suffered countless wrongs and the principal are the following:—

1. The Manchurian Tartars govern for the benefit of their race and not for that of their subjects.
2. They oppose our intellectual and material progress.

3. They treat us as a subject race and deny us the rights and privileges of equality.

4. They violate our inalienable rights to life, liberty, and property.

5. They promote and encourage the corruption of officialdom.

6. They suppress the liberty of speech.

7. They tax us heavily and unjustly without our consent.

8. They practise the most barbarous tortures.

9. They deprive us unjustly of our rights.

10. They do not fulfil their duty of protecting the life and the property of the people living under their jurisdiction. . . .

Although we have reasons to hate the Manchus we have tried to live in peace with them, but without success. Therefore we, the Chinese people, have resolved to adopt pacific measures if possible and violent ones if necessary in order to be treated with justice and to establish peace in the Far East and throughout the world. . . .

A new Government, an enlightened and progressive Government, must be substituted for the old one. When that has been done China will not only be able to free herself from her troubles, but also may be able to deliver other nations from the necessity of defending their independence and integrity. Among the Chinese there are many of high culture who, we believe, are able to undertake the task of forming a new Government. Carefully thought out plans have been made for a long time for transforming the old Chinese monarchy into a republic.

The masses of the people are ready to receive a new form of Government. They wish for a change of their political and social conditions in order to escape from the deplorable conditions of life prevailing at present. The country is in a state of tension. It is like a sun-scorched forest, and the slightest spark may set fire to it. The people are ready to drive the Tartars out. Our task is great. It is difficult, but not impossible.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen's assertions, contained in the foregoing, that a reformed

China would "establish peace in the Far East and throughout the world," seems at first sight rather exaggerated. However, I think there can be no doubt that a reform of China, a reform which would regenerate the country, would tend not only to establish peace in the Far East but would also tend to diminish the dangers of war threatening Europe and America. The greatest danger to the peace in the Far East lies undoubtedly in China's weakness. As long as China is weak, Russia, Japan, and other nations desirous of expansion will feel tempted to acquire Chinese territory, and as a peaceful partition of China among the numerous claimants is out of the question, a weak China will continue to be a danger, not merely to the peace of Asia, but to that of Europe and America as well. But for China's weakness the Russo-Japanese War would never have occurred. China's weakness has caused in the past dangerous friction between Russia and England, between France and England, between Germany and England, and between the United States and Japan, and it has more than once raised the spectre of war between these countries. The Sick Man of the East is as great a danger to the peace of the world as is the Sick Man of the West.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen states that a reformed China "will not only be able to free herself from her troubles, but may be able to deliver other nations from the necessity of defending their independence and integrity." He evidently refers to the small nations on the frontiers of China, such as Thibet, which used to stand under China's protection, and which at present are unable to defend themselves against the Powers of the West.

How will a successful revolution of the Chinese against the Manchus, and a consequent regeneration of China, affect Great Britain's position in India?

Will it not encourage the Indians to overthrow Great Britain's rule?

If British rule in India were as baneful and as corrupt as the Manchu rule has been in China, British rule would deserve to be overthrown. We should have strong reasons for fearing the triumph of liberty over tyranny in China, and for trying to prevent the Chinese freeing themselves of the hateful tyranny under which they live, only if British rule in India was rotten to the core. I do not think it likely that the expulsion of the Manchus from China will lead to the expulsion of the British from India, although it may lead to some risings caused by hot-headed and short-sighted agitators. There is no analogy in the two cases. The conditions prevailing in the two countries are totally different. China is a nation. The country is inhabited by men of the same race, possessing the same written language and the same culture, by men having a common history, a common religion, a common tradition, and common ideals, who suffer from the same grievances. India, on the other hand, is a confused medley of races, tribes, religions and civilizations which have very little in common. China is a nation which, owing to its homogeneity, is capable of combined and sustained action. India is merely a geographical expression. It is as little a nation as is Europe.

Many European officers and other competent observers who have lived in China—I could mention several prominent generals, admirals and administrators, and among them General Gordon—are of opinion that the Chinese, if properly trained and led, will make excellent soldiers. Some believe that the Chinese, owing to their extremely hardy constitution, their great endurance and marching power, and their contempt of death, are the best military material in the world. A country with 400,000,000 inhabitants can of course

raise very large armies. The late Sir Robert Hart prophesied that China would create an army of 30,000,000 men. She could undoubtedly do this if she introduced universal and compulsory military service on the model of Germany and France. But let us not forget that large armies provided with modern weapons and the numerous and extremely costly appliances indispensable in modern warfare are very costly luxuries, and that China is, and will for many years remain, a very poor country. Besides the larger an army is, the greater are the difficulties of transporting and provisioning it. The Huns could travel without baggage when invading Europe. Nowadays the transport of the impedimenta of an army offers infinitely greater difficulties than the transport of the men themselves. The idea of a score of millions of Chinamen over-running and overwhelming India, Asiatic Russia, and Europe, cannot be seriously discussed except by those who are ignorant not only of military affairs but also of China's geographical position. The peculiarities of China's geographical position will be clear from the following figures:—

	Area	Population.
China proper (18 provs.)	1,522,430 sq. m.	407,253,030 people
Manchuria	363,610 "	16,000,000 "
Mongolia	1,367,600 "	2,600,000 "
Tibet	463,200 "	6,500,000 "
Chinese Turkestan	550,340 "	1,200,000 "
Total of the Chinese Empire	4,277,170 "	433,553,030 "
United Kingdom	121,391 "	45,000,000 "

The foregoing table shows that the eighteen Provinces of China proper, with their 400,000,000 inhabitants, occupy only a little more than one-third of the gigantic territory of all China. If we look at the map we find that China is almost isolated from the outer world, for those parts of China which do not touch the sea are separated from the neighbor nations by an enormous

belt of deserts and mountains which make an invasion by large foreign armies across the land frontiers and an attack by large Chinese armies upon her Continental neighbors equally difficult if not impossible. The populous provinces of China proper are separated from British India by the tremendous mountain wastes of Thibet, a country which is almost four times as large as the whole of the United Kingdom, and they are separated from Russia by the enormous deserts of Mongolia and Turkestan, which together are fifteen times as large as the United Kingdom. Yet these countries have together only 10,000,000 inhabitants. We can best represent to ourselves their desolation and the sparsity of their inhabitants by imagining that the whole of the United Kingdom was inhabited by 500,000 people, a number which would correspond to the population of the outlying portions of China.

If a Chinese army should succeed in crossing the enormous, foodless and roadless wastes surrounding China, which are peopled only by wandering tribes of nomads and a small number of mountaineers, it would still have to cross the Himalayas before it could penetrate into India, and the vast Siberian deserts before it could attack Russia. We know the difficulty of penetrating Thibet with a small force, and of providing camel transport for crossing a desert such as the Gobi desert. How many, then, of the teeming millions of China would survive the ordeal of a march across the Chinese frontiers? An advance into Burma and thence into India, and an advance through the slightly more populated Manchuria into Eastern Siberia is possible, but it would bring a Chinese army only to Assam in the former case, and to the comparatively valueless Russian Amur and maritime Provinces with Vladivostock in the latter. Besides, the risk run by the Chinese

would be very great. It must not be forgotten that China is not an inland, but a maritime, Power and that she is extremely vulnerable on the sea. All her largest towns lie on, or in easy reach of, a hostile navy, and nine-tenths of China's trade is sea borne. China would, therefore, have to secure the rule of the sea before she could invade her neighbor States with impunity. Confucianism is a doctrine of peace and goodwill among men. China is by history and tradition a peaceful nation. It is not likely that the present revolution will alter China's historic character and the character of her people, but even if the character of China should be altered completely by the present revolution, if she should become a war-like and aggressive nation, determined upon attacking her neighbors, her peculiar geographical circumstances would prevent her doing much harm. The expansion of China had ended long before the expansion of England had even begun. It had ended when the Gobi desert and the highlands of Thibet were reached. Nature has set limits to China's expansion. The Yellow Peril is a ridiculous bogey.

The Continent of Asia has been unsettled during many years largely because, owing to China's weakness, Asia lacked a proper balance of power. At one time Russia was the predominating Power, and she strove to absorb China, to the alarm of Great Britain, until she was defeated by Japan. Now Japan is suspected of desiring to dominate China, to the alarm of the United States. Had there been a strong China, the Russian danger would never have arisen in Asia, and the Japanese danger in the East will never arise if there is a strong China which will counter-balance Russia on the one hand and Japan on the other. The immense bulk of China providentially separates Russia from Japan. A powerful China ly-

ing between them will prevent Russia and Japan quarrelling and will prevent them becoming too powerful. A powerful China will create a perfect balance of power in the Far East. The regeneration of China will therefore make for peace, and be in the interest of all peaceful nations. Lately there have been rumors that Russia and Japan intended taking advantage of the present position of China, and that these two Powers might intervene with the object of partitioning the country. It is to be hoped that these rumors are without foundation in fact. The partitioning of China might prove as difficult and as sanguinary an undertaking as the partition of Turkey. Russia and Japan would scarcely be allowed to have the game to themselves.

If ever there was a people rightly struggling to be free it is the Chinese. The Chinese deserve the sympathy of the world in their struggle for freedom and for good popular Government. England and the United States, the great protagonists of popular Government in every country, are considered to be the fairest nations by the people in the Far East, who are aware that Great Britain and the United States have in the past invariably shown their active sympathy for all nations struggling for freedom. Many Chinamen have told me that they look to Great Britain and to the United States for sympathy and encouragement in their attempt to rid themselves of an odious tyranny, and that they look for their active support and assistance in the event that other nations should try to occupy Chinese territory at a time when the Chinese are fighting among themselves. Intervention in the present struggle is possible only from the sea. No nation, and no combination of nations, can interfere in this Chinese civil war without England's assent, and her toleration of foreign intervention would be equivalent

to her assent. England has a great responsibility in the present struggle, and has a great task to perform.

It is to be hoped that the revolutionists will succeed in overthrowing the Manchu régime in a very short time. A protracted struggle would undoubtedly seriously damage China's foreign trade, and cause great losses to the foreign traders and to the foreign capitalists who have invested money in Chinese railways and other undertakings. These losses of capital would, no doubt, be very serious to a number of individuals, but they would scarcely affect to a perceptible extent the wealth of the nations to which the individual investors belong, for the sum total of European and American money invested in China is comparatively very small. Hence the losses arising to foreigners through the Chinese civil war would not be an adequate justification for interference on the part of other nations. It would not justify them to treat the revolutionists as rebels and to aid the Manchu Government in the suppression of the revolution. It would be morally indefensible for a European nation to assist the Manchu Government in keeping enslaved 400,000,000 people in order to save a few millions of money to a handful of capitalists who knew the risks they ran when they invested their money in China. Patience will pay the foreign capitalists. A regenerated China will give an infinitely greater scope to European enterprise than China in its present stagnation.

I think China should be allowed to work out her own salvation in her own way. Foreign intervention would not only be unjust, but might also be extremely unwise. The Chinese people have such great qualities—they possess far greater gifts than the Japanese—and their country has such magnificent resources that they are bound to come to the front and to have a great fu-

ture. China has awakened, and her progress cannot be stopped. The Chinese people have at last awakened to a sense of nationality. They would never forgive a nation which had taken the part of their alien rulers at the present juncture and had tried to perpetuate the misery of the people, or which had robbed China of territory during the present struggle. In the event of foreign nations landing troops, the revolutionaries will probably not resist, but will make all concessions demanded of them; but they will continue the war against the Manchus. They cannot fight simultaneously their Government and the foreigners. The Chinese have recognized that they can create an army sufficiently strong to defend the integrity of their country only when they have overthrown the effete Manchu Government, which is determined to stifle all progress and

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to prevent the creation of a modern army. As soon as the Chinese have driven out the Manchu dynasty, and have introduced good government, they will create a powerful army, and they would undoubtedly in course of time call those nations to account which had taken an unfair advantage of China's defencelessness during her present troubles. It is as yet too early to form an opinion whether the revolutionary movement will succeed or fail. However, the best authorities agree that the Manchu régime has been so seriously discredited in the eyes of the people that it can scarcely last much longer. At the same time, the character of the revolutionary movement and of its leaders ensures the ultimate success of the cause of progress. The regeneration of China is inevitable and is at hand.

J. Ellis Barker.

CONCERNING THE COOLUN.

Ad subitas Thracum volucres nubem-
que sonoram
Pygmæus pariter currit bellator in
armis.

It is about ten of a fine October day in the plains of Upper India. Out of doors the power of the sun is asserting itself, but the hours after daybreak have already begun to be marked by a distinct freshness. This morning a gracious dew glistened on the lawn whereon a little blue-and-white water-wagtail, after an absence of many months, was seeking his subsistence, while regarding the master of the house with all the confidence of an old friend. White filmy cobwebs glittered on the grass and among the low garden-bushes. The air itself was not the same atmosphere as that of a week ago. Clear and light, it had brought with it this morning a sense of physical

exhilaration to which dwellers in the plains had long been strangers. The Joint Magistrate during his early ride has joyfully noted these signs of the seasons, and is now waiting breakfast with a new appetite, when suddenly across the cawing of the crows outside and the chattering of the minahs there comes to his ear a far off but unmistakable cry—

Krach-krach-krnakkul.

As promptly as the Pigmy warrior our friend is outside in the veranda seeking for the source of the sound. With eyes unaccustomed to the glare this is not easy to detect until the vibrant "krach-krach" has been several times repeated. Ah, there it is now. Right overhead is the spot—the "nubes sonora" which resolves itself on inspection into a congregation of fifty, sixty,

or seventy specks, representing the great slate-colored birds of whom we hope to see more at closer quarters hereafter. For the moment we hail their appearance with unfeigned delight. Year after year this epiphany comes about in exactly the same way—somewhere between the 1st and the 31st October—bringing with it a certain message of encouragement and good cheer. "Krach-krach-krnakkul," that is, being interpreted, "Here we are back. The rains are over. The cold weather is upon you." And no one ever knew these sagacious birds to be wrong. If they could but impart a little of their faculty to the savants of the Meteorological Office at Simla what strides the limping science of weather prediction would make, to be sure.

For thousands of years the crane has been an object of interest to humanity. His striking appearance, his resonant cries, and the mysterious regularity of his habits ensured from the earliest times the attention of men. It is to be feared that he also forced himself upon their notice by his appetite. Those who have noticed the ravages that can be made in a field of rice or vetch when a good-sized flock of geese or cranes have been allowed to enjoy a quiet night thereon, can form an idea of the toll that must have been taken from the crops by these hungry birds before the days of firearms. Whereas a single shot sends them flitting off for miles nowadays, in old times no doubt all the shouting of the farmer and his hands would scarcely move them from one end of a field to the other. At any rate it is certain that the Greeks from the earliest times knew at least as much about the crane as we do now. Not to quote passages from the *Iliad* downwards, indicating how closely they had observed his habits, what is more surprising is how accurately they had learned where he went when he

vanished from their view. The Birds of Aristophanes in enumerating the services they perform for men, claim that by their means the farmer is enabled to tell the moment at which to sow—when he sees the cranes noisily making off for Libya. More precisely Herodotus tells us that the cranes flying from the cold of the region of Scythia resort to Libya and Ethiopia for wintering. The exactitude of this knowledge of the migration was curiously confirmed in our own day. Readers of Slatin Pasha's enthralling account of his captivity at Omdurman may remember how he was one day suddenly summoned before the Khalifa to interpret a mysterious writing found attached to the neck of one of these birds that had been shot by a Dervish. The suspicious message turned out to be nothing more than a notice from an ornithologist in Southern Russia saying that he had released the crane at such a place and begging any one into whose hands it might fall to send him notice of the where and when of its capture, as a clue to its peregrinations. It was certainly a strange chance that this precarious post-card should have found its way to one of the two or three persons of all the then population of the African interior who were capable of reading it. But if the Russian naturalist had remembered his "Aves" and the second book of Herodotus he would have been aware that the information he was searching after was common knowledge more than 2000 years ago. In some ways men's powers may have advanced with civilization; but in observation they have certainly gone back.

But the crane has other merits beyond the punctuality of his habits. He is excellent to eat, a fact that was perfectly appreciated by our forefathers in the days when he still nested in Britain; and though individual birds may differ in this respect, as is the case

with almost all wild fowl, a roast coolun, whether hot or cold, is an acceptable addition to the sideboard, especially towards the beginning of November, when the resources of the Anglo-Indian larder are at their lowest. It was somewhere about this time of year that I was commanded by the lady who then ruled our District—in the name, be it understood, and person of her husband—to get her a wild goose to help out a dinner she had arranged for the ensuing week. "But, my dear madame," I ventured, "I cannot get you a goose, because the geese have not yet come in." "Well, then, a bustard." "But the bustard have all gone," I say with some relief, for an order to produce a bustard would not be the same thing as a commission to get a turkey from the poulterer's. "How you young men make difficulties! But something I must have: imagine what the Natives would think if they knew that the Collector could not get a dish of game in his own District." Diffidently I suggest the possibility of a coolun, for the merits of this bird are not sufficiently known nowadays; but the proposal finds unexpected favor, and it is soon arranged that the approaching week-end is to be devoted to the pursuit. The first outing of the season is always a thing to look forward to, and if crane-shooting does not rank high as gunnery, the thought of what will happen should one return empty-handed supplies an element of excitement to the expedition. Twenty miles out of the station there is a large tract of waste, low-lying ground, through which runs a chain of what might at this season of the year be taken for lakes, lakes which in March will be isolated pools, and by May will have disappeared altogether. This spongy plain, fringed by autumn and winter crops of all kinds, is the favorite haunt of large flocks of *grus communis*, and though it is one

thing to see these birds even in hundreds and another thing to get a shot at them, there is no place hereabouts where one is more likely to score. Accordingly tent, servants, and necessities are sent out by cart early on Saturday morning, and after the day's work is done with one starts to ride out. There is a good road the whole way, and with a good nag to start on and an ideal covert hack to relieve him halfway, we are in before it is really dark. How good a thing is that first evening of the season in camp. How bright the yellow of the lamp's glow inside the tent: how white the tablecloth, what a whisky and soda is this that our boy has ready for us. Surely Hatch & Hedges must have sent us some of their oldest liquor by mistake. And what a dinner produces itself subsequently: one might have fared worse in Piccadilly. And was there ever a more luxurious bed, though it is but an affair of poles and canvas and travels in a mean-looking bag? Bed, however, is a luxury in which one will do well to be frugal, for much depends on being in good time for the cranes next morning. Accordingly we rise while it is dark and are ready to take the field with the first gray of dawn. Unluckily the shikari is absent. An attack of the fever that is always abroad at this season has kept him at home: but the resident Native official has provided two coolies of a caste that devotes itself to bird-snaring, and who know the locality thoroughly, to act as gun-bearers and guides. In the brief morning twilight we set off, now along alleys in the tall crops which throw off showers of moisture, now across newly sown fields whose clods are glutinous with the heavy morning dew. Soon the harsh cries of innumerable water-birds apprise us that we are nearing our ground.

A heavy white mist hangs over the plain, which is all in favor of the oper-

ations in hand. Presently, as we cautiously skirt the plain, a small isolated party of cranes is viewed on a flat spit of ground running down to the lake, in a position which offers a fair chance of a stalk. A stack of straw, 150 yards from where the birds are, provides a good basis of operations; then a deepish artificial ditch, which later on will serve for irrigation purposes, to conduct the water of the lake with the aid of basket-lifts to the adjoining fields, affords a means of approach to within forty or fifty yards of the party. We are soon mustered behind the stack. The coolies are left there in ambush, and taking the gun the crane-killer starts on his crawl. It is a muddy but an easy business, and he is soon arrived at the nearest point to the prey. Here he pauses in concealment to get his breath for the run in that will gain him a few yards, but even while he is securely admiring the great birds, which look doubly large through the mist, there is a sudden croak of alarm, a flapping of wings, and they are off before a man could pick up a gun and get in a cartridge. The disaster seems unaccountable, until he looks behind him and sees the two coolies, who had been left behind the stack, coming up across the open with fluttering garments as phlegmatically as if they were going out to weed their fields. Here was a singular instance of the stunting effects of over-specialization. These men belonged by birth to the caste of fowlers in whom hereditary aptitude has developed a wonderful expertness. If it had been a question of walking into a tank, stalking up to a flock of ducks, the head covered with an inverted earthen jar, and dragging them noiselessly under water; or of working them on a dark night up to the standing net and eventually springing them just at the effective distance, these men would have been quite alive to the requirements of the situation. But here

was a new sort of shikar, involving the intervention of a gun; so why should it occur to them that to walk down upon the crane in full view with their white wrappings streaming in the breeze was in any way prejudicial to the common object? They had been told by the official who recruited them that their business was to accompany the Sahib. Accompany him they would: what did anything else matter?

It is useless to be angry with people like this. Besides, as no shot has been fired the position is not irretrievable. The cranes have not been alarmed, and the ground holds quantities of them. But much marching and counter-marching fails to discover any others in an accessible position. At last, however, just when one begins to apprehend that they may be off for the day, we catch sight of a flock feeding incautiously on the brink of a high field of urhar. The stalk is an easy affair: one has only to get through the almost arboreal crop without making too much noise, to arrive within thirty yards of the unsuspecting birds. The first barrel lays one out flat on the ooze, and the second brings down another winged from the rising flock. In an instant the whole sky seems to be full of great gray birds, mounting into the air from every quarter of the compass with harsh cries of indignation and protest. Meantime it is impossible not to admire the behavior of the crippled crane. Unable to fly, he does not think of running, but comes straight for us as we emerge from the urhar with open beak and angry screams—a charge which for pluck would have done credit to a tiger. The next moment the staff of one of the coolies descends across his long neck and the poor thing's troubles are over.

There is no more to be done here. No crane will allow himself to be approached again on this ground to-day, or to-morrow for that matter, and, be-

sides, two are enough to satisfy any one. On the way back we come across a bunch of teal, which being for some reason reluctant to quit the ground they are on, give some small-game shooting for a change, and leave two couple behind them. Yet it is no more than 9 A.M. when we return to the tents, and the day's sport over. But time seldom drags on these outings. And when one has cleaned and put away the gun and seen to the toilet of the horses and one's own, there is a visit to be paid to the old Zemindar, who lives with his sons and grandsons, and daughters and grand-daughters (only these of course are invisible) in a dwelling half farmhouse half fortress, with a great rectangular courtyard surrounded by a great wall, on to the interior side of which are built a series of chambers, stables, granaries, cattle-sheds, and bedrooms for the servants and retainers, on a model that takes us straight back to Ithaca and Pylus in the *Odyssey*. And our host's talk, whose memory goes back beyond the Mutiny, is of the good old times of his youth, and the better times of his father, when Government officers were greater Bahadurs than they are nowadays, when the earth yielded better harvests, when coolies and menials would work for next to nothing, and a country gentleman could settle a difference with a money-lender in his own way, without the certainty of a subsequent appearance in the law courts—in which there may be a spice of truth, for this particular piece of the District was something of an Alsatia some seventy years ago, being on the corner of the anarchical kingdom of Oudh, inasmuch that special guards had to be set by European passengers travelling by boat along the highway of the Ganges, when they tied up for the night, if they did not want to be boarded and plundered.

But to return to the cranes. In spite

of their wariness they sometimes fall easy victims owing to the regularity of their habits. If a flock has been noticed in the early dawn flying low over a particular point, it is worth while to take post there the next morning, even though the spot may be close to highroads and habitations. Perhaps it is that the birds know that at this hour no one should be about but harmless peasants: but certainly at the morning flight they often seem to part with their usual caution. Let me recall the circumstances of one such interview. The time is 5.30 A.M., and our boat is floating in the darkness along the broad surface of the Ganges. Anything more unsimilar to the orthodox fowling-punt there could not be. It is, in fact, little more than a rough cage of woodwork built round a capacious hold, which when loaded with stones, timber, or other country cargo will ride close to the water, but now, being empty, rides conspicuously above it. Our trust, therefore, is not in concealment but familiarity. A short piece both at bow and stern is roughly decked with planks, and on the aft deck crouches a shivering steersman. The hold is occupied by two other boatmen, striving to warm themselves over a small pan of charcoal embers, and a couple of sportsmen. As the first signs of dawn come into the sky the discordant cries of water-birds are heard a short way down stream. Here the wayward river, in subsiding after the annual rains, has left an island patch, which is still in that spongy condition as regards its surface that is appreciated by wildfowl. Here, as our shikari tells us, a party of cranes take up their quarters by night, to make across the river at sunrise for the fields on the opposite bank. Will they repeat the performance this morning?—That is the question, and it begins to be a doubtful one. We have seen two of three skeins of geese trailing in the

distance across the eastern sky. Two or three small parties of gadwall have rustled overhead, bent on keeping some early appointment up river. It is nearly broad day, and in another minute or two, slowly as our barge floats, we shall be past the island, when suddenly there comes the well-known trumpet of the crane, and we catch sight of a flock of ten or twelve making straight for us. Swerving slightly as they come up, they are a little far for the 12-bore; but the second murderer is armed with an 8-bore choke, whose arguments a goose or crane at fifty yards finds it difficult to resist. One is crumpled up by the right barrel, another catches it hard, wobbles as he rises to clear the river bank, drops into the water, and by the time he is recovered life is extinct. The sanguine shikari insists on going off in the small boat after a third, hit but not seriously hurt by the 12-bore, which he assures us he will pick up and bring back. For our part we are content to brew tea and light tobacco, while we drift down stream to a landing-point where the horses will be ready to take us home, a bare mile, to bath, breakfast, and business.

It would be absurd to maintain that crane-shooting is a very high form of sport, or one that the most enthusiastic would care to pursue every day. When Jerdon mentions that there was a man in his time in India who was known to have killed over a thousand bustards, one feels that this enthusiast's outlook on life must have been somewhat limited. Doubtless the bustard is a noble bird, but one stalk is very much like another, and an existence devoted solely to his destruction must run a risk of being stunted in other directions. Personally I should think that any one who had got his dozen—and this will mean some time and trouble nowadays—might well recognize the splendid creatures' right

to live. The pursuit of the crane has this advantage, that it is only possible for some four months in the year, and, moreover, is attended with more variety of incident than the chase of the Otides. Yet though it has none of the exhilaration of snipe-shooting, when birds are thick and one's hand and eye are in, an occasional by-day after geese or crane has its own charm. It takes one generally to pleasant scenes and places away—though they need not be far away—from the commonplace of daily life. Pitched beneath a mango-grove on the margin of a lake or river, though perhaps not twenty miles from a bustling modern town, one may taste that sense of isolation and independence, the fascination of which sends men on painful journeys into the wilds and wastes of the earth. For a person who has business to attend to, these joys are beyond reach; but camp life, which is within the compass of everyone in India, supplies a very tolerable substitute. There is no form of hardship and discomfort that cannot be attained within the limits of an ordinary vacation: a man may freeze in the snow, or steam in tropical forests, or parch in the desert, as his preference lies, to his heart's content; while simple solitude is always to be had by him who has a week-end to spare at less cost than a return ticket to Margate, to say nothing of the hotel bill. It is a measure of our real distance from the people of the country that at times like these the figures of the natives on the landscape, the houses of the neighboring villages, no more disturb the sense of being alone with nature than do their flocks and herds as they wend their way out or home in the course of an existence hardly more monotonous than that of their owners. Bowed to the earth in a changeless round of tasks, varying only with the regular succession of the seasons, the cultivator of the plains of Hindu-

stan, albeit inheritor of an ancient civilization, represents perhaps the lowest degree of mental inertia. The aboriginal of the jungles, who is being continually called upon to exercise his faculties, is an alert and intelligent personage by comparison. The difference between them is much the same as that between the farmyard geese, whose migrations are confined to a waddle to the village common, and the keen creatures with whom the sportsman is concerned—travelled birds who have seen much of the world and have come to know themselves and one another, who have learned from the old gander who leads the V in emergencies all the secrets of aviation, judges of climate and crops, old campaigners who can make the most of short commons or pillage to the best effect when plenty offers, can tell the range of a choke-bore and distinguish a coolie from a shikari without lifting their heads. To outwit a flock of these bright-eyed, sagacious birds is no such simple job, and there is always a fair sporting chance of coming back empty-handed. So much the greater the satisfaction when the patient stratagem succeeds, and after a close shot from boat or ambush has rewarded the solitary stalker with as much spoil as his

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gun-bearers can conveniently carry, he is in no mood to envy the owner of the biggest shooting in all England. The birds are hoisted on the heads and shoulders of the coolies, the pipe is lit, and we set out homewards. Darkness is settling over the scene, but a red glow lingers in the west, whence a cool stir of the evening breeze reaches us in puffs across the solemn mere. The innumerable tribes of coots, night-herons, storks, land-gulls, bitterns, and promiscuous waders now break into concert with their strange cries. The "skeepscape" of invisible snipe catches the ear on every side. Under the stars ghostly companies of duck and teal hurtle past, rather heard than seen. When a man can tell the different tribes by the rustle of their wings he may feel that he is beginning to be qualified for the degree of Wildfowler. The present apologist of the cranes has neither the natural aptitude nor a tithe of the experience required for pretension to that title. But, in truth, very little of either is required to catch the taste of the thing, which, when once contracted, draws him back to scenes like these with as strong a fascination as the eternal snows exert over the mountaineer, or the brandy bottle over the determined votary of Bacchus.

G. M. Chesney.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. John Ashley was a prosperous man, but he would not have been able to lend his shirt to King Christopher. His happiness had flaws in it. Socially, he had married to better himself. We know that there are people who refuse in theory to see lines of distinction in the middle classes, but these same people usually have the eyes of a lynx for them in practice. Mr. Ashley and his wife both belonged to the middle

classes, but Mrs. Ashley's connections were in the Church, the Army, and the Law, while one of them, the light of the family, was a politician, and had been lately shoved into the House of Lords. Mr. Ashley's relatives, if you dived deep enough, might have been found in parlors behind shops in a midland town. The upbringing of husband and wife had been widely divergent, and to this day so was their point of view.

Mrs. Ashley had married her husband when she was thirty, because she wanted a home and children of her own. These her venture had given her, and she was more fully satisfied with it than he. He had social ambition, but no social gift, and he had looked to his wife to help him climb. But to his unceasing disappointment he found that she had no mind to push up the social ladder. She was fastidious, but unworldly: wrapt up in her children, her books, and her garden. She delighted in a cousin who was a curate, and laughed at the one in the House of Lords, and her idea of hospitality was to get the curate and his wife to London for a fortnight and give them a good time. Anything further from Mr. Ashley's ideas of hospitality can hardly be imagined.

So Clive and his sister Violet had grown up in a household where the master and mistress did not see eye to eye, and as so often happens in such cases the son agreed with his mother and the girl with her dad. It was not a rudely disunited household. Mrs. Ashley's temper was too refined, and in a sense too indifferent to let things become outwardly inharmonious. When Mr. Ashley wished to remove to Sloane Gardens and give dinners, to which Lord Purslane could be suitably invited, his wife did not thwart him—at least not actively. But her household machinery had hitches in it, the kind of hitches that exasperate a man who is willing to pay for oiled wheels, and supposes they can be had for money. For instance, on the night when Lord and Lady Purslane were expected, the kitchen chimney had caught fire just before dinner, with results of confusion and failure which lasted all the evening. Next day, when Mr. Ashley inquired into matters, he was told that the kitchen chimney had not been swept since they came into the house more than six months ago.

"But how is that?" he asked his wife.

"It is very careless of the cook," she said, tearing her mind with obvious difficulty from a bulb list.

Undoubtedly it was, but the problem that worried Mr. Ashley was whether a careless mistress did not make a careless cook.

"I'm afraid his lordship will think we gave him a poor dinner," he said pompously.

"His what?" murmured Mrs. Ashley. "Gloriosa—this man sells Gloriosa for two shillings a hundred, he must be mad. Do you mean old Purse? Did he say anything to you about the cottage?"

"What cottage?" said Mr. Ashley, all attention.

And this, to make a long story short, was the first word spoken in the family about the 'week-end cottage at Gromwell where his lordship had a mansion and a park that he called his little place, and the Hilles had a monster red-brick villa that they called a cottage, and Mrs. Warwick had a charming little old Georgian house that she called a house. The Ashley's cottage, which belonged to Lord Purslane, had nine bedrooms, four sitting-rooms, four acres of garden and some glass. When Mr. Ashley had added a billiard-room and a motor-house, Violet Ashley said it was "rather nice." She was the kind of girl who calls everything "rather nice," whether it is a new hat or a new religion. The cottage had been built by Lord Purslane nearly thirty years ago when he married Miss Allover, the only daughter of Mr. Allover, of Allover and Wellgrove, warehousemen in Wood Street. In those days there had been a son at the Allovers and Lord Purslane, then Mr. Marmaduke Arden, had not expected his wife to inherit the paternal acres and the whole of the large paternal fortune. But one week in January an epidemic of influenza brought this about. On Monday Mrs.

Marmaduke Arden possessed a father, a brother and an income derived from fifty thousand pounds settled on her when she married: on the Saturday following she was an orphan and heir to over a million. This sad event strengthened Lord Purslane in his belief that a special Providence had its eye on a man as able and deserving as himself. He was a pompous, dull creature, who had luck in life and had done no harm to speak of with it. More it is unnecessary to say of him. His wife was a pretty quiet woman who had never recovered from the shock of her father's and her only brother's death in the same week. Both Lord and Lady Purslane were fond of Mrs. Ashley and her children. Mr. Ashley they took as they found him. They took the Hilles as they found them too. Mrs. Warwick was an old friend, but she had not been much at Gromwell since her husband's death. So Gromwell Park and Gromwell Cottage saw a great deal of each other and Violet Ashley saw a great deal of Jack Arden. He was an only son, and she thought him rather nice. His parents had said when he was a boy that he should go into diplomacy. They were ambitious for him and wished him to rise in the world, as his father had risen. But as Jack grew up even his parents discovered that the subtlety of the serpent was far from him, and also the industry of the bee or the ant. He liked the amusements and the occupations of a country gentleman and saw no reason why he should not follow such a respectable bent. Also, of late, he thought he liked Violet Ashley and there was no good reason against that either. He was one of those sons who mildly disappoint their parents, but get their way.

When the Ashleys came to Gromwell in August, Clive came with them. His four years at Oxford had come to an end, and he was bound to decide soon

whether he would go into business or read for the Bar. He wanted to go into business. He had wanted to before he met Helga, and since then he had made up his mind that he must, so as to be earning money before long. His father wished him to go to the Bar, and either to put off marriage or to marry Marcella Stair and her fifty thousand pounds. His mother wished him to be happy in his own way. Violet thought that as he was the only son of a rich man he could not do better than imitate Lord Purslane who had been successively, a barrister, a politician, the husband of a rich wife, and a peer of the realm. Time was when she had approved of the match with Marcella Stair, but since Jack Arden had come forward she had not thought much of Marcella's fifty thousand pounds. Lillian Hille was an only child and would have a great deal of money, but Violet knew that no power on earth would mate Clive with Lillian Hille. He was as fastidious as his mother who endured the Hilles, but thought them strange beasts. Meanwhile Marcella was staying with them and had made up her mind that she and no other woman should marry Clive. She was supposed to live with the widowed aunt whose back windows had a view of Mrs. Byrne's garden, but she was not much in Surbiton. The aunt was only an aunt by marriage, and Marcella did not share her life or her friend more than she need. She considered Mrs. Stair suburban, and with some justice said the household was made uncomfortable by her everlasting fads and caprices. Just before Marcella came to stay with the Hilles there had been a domestic earthquake of the usual kind. The three women employed by Mrs. Stair had departed at a moment's notice, leaving no one to cope with the work except Marcella's French maid.

"Now Aunt Eleanor says she is go-

ing to try ladies," Marcella told the Hilles; "if she does I shall lose Virginie for certain. She would never stand that."

"How trying for you," murmured Mrs. Hille, resolving if this happened to secure Virginie for Lillian and herself. "What would you do?"

"I should get on as best I could without a maid for a time," said Marcella. "But I sometimes think I must make other arrangements. Aunt Eleanor is so uncomfortable. She tries every unpractical fad she reads of. I shall hate a house full of people who are neither one thing nor the other."

"But it seems hardly worth while for you to set up a separate establishment," said Mrs. Hille.

"That is always Aunt Eleanor's argument when I speak of it," said Marcella. "She is very kind. She never seems to mind my treating her house as a store place and a starting-point for visits. I certainly do pay a good many. But I sometimes think I should like a little flat of my own in London."

"You are too young to do that by yourself," said Mrs. Hille.

"But ladies," murmured Marcella, "a lady in the scullery, and a lady on the stairs, and a lady behind your chair at dinner. I shall get furious with them, I know. They are sure to be incompetent."

"Well, it probably won't be for long," said Mrs. Hille; but she did not explain whether she meant that Marcella or the ladies would depart from the house in Surbiton; and Marcella did not ask because she knew that the Hilles hoped and believed that she would marry their dear Mr. Clife, and that allusions to her future always took this pleasant event for granted. She thought remarks of this kind were in bad taste, so she never answered them if she could help it; but they did not exactly displease her. She remembered that the Hilles were foreigners and that

their ways would naturally not be her ways in every respect. Mrs. Hille often talked of Lillian's marriage as if it was not a matter of chance but of arrangement. She said that Lillian meant to marry rather late, probably not till she was twenty-seven, as she so much enjoyed the freedom and irresponsibility of her life at home.

"She is so Inklisch," she would add; and Marcella was once misguided enough to ask in what way.

"She settles these matters for herself," replied Mrs. Hille, looking rather offended. "When the time comes she will choose a husband for herself, and I am sure she will choose sensibly."

It was while Marcella was with them at Gromwell that the Hilles received an agitated letter from Conrad's parents imploring them to make certain inquiries and to send them certain information. They passed the letter from one to the other at the breakfast-table, and when they had read it they turned to Marcella. As a rule they did not speak to her of their German connections; but, as a rule, nothing happened to remind the Hilles of their existence. This letter from Hamburg was a little event, a mildly tiresome and unwelcome one.

"Did you see anything of a young Herr Hille at Mrs. Warwick's tennis party?" asked Mrs. Hille.

"The little German! Oh yes; I talked to him. He's your cousin, isn't he?" said Marcella.

"A distant cousin," said Mrs. Hille, coldly. "It seems that he lives in Surbiton."

"Yes; with the Byrnes."

"You know them?"

"I know of them. I can see Mrs. Byrne hang out her washing from my bedroom window. That's the worst of a suburb like Surbiton. You may see any kind of people from your back window."

"But this girl; this Miss Byrne was

at the tennis party. I spoke to her. Mrs. Warwick introduced her to me."

Marcella's hardly perceptible gesture was one of apology for Mrs. Warwick.

"One of her philanthropic ideas!" she said.

"But how does she come to know people who take lodgers and hang out their own washing? This unfortunate boy is lodging there."

"Is Herr Hille unfortunate?" asked Marcella.

"His parents are extremely anxious about him. They say he writes of this girl, this Miss Byrne, as if he admired her—more than is desirable."

"The only thing to do is to remove him at once," said Mrs. Hille. "The girl is too pretty to be safe. I shall tell them that if they wish to avoid a calamity—"

"Would it be a calamity if the girl is so pretty?" asked Lillian. She had revolutionary ideas.

"I don't think I saw her the other day," she added. "At least I saw one extremely pretty girl I didn't know with Clive Ashley. She had on a pale yellow muslin and her hair went into little natural curls—it was black—and she had the bluest of blue eyes. I wondered who she could be."

"Really, Lillian!" said her mother, "Conrad Hille is the only son of a rich man, and a highly respected man. He will probably be Senator himself some day."

"What then?" said Lillian, and her mother, murmuring that she was so inkish in her ideas, turned to her husband. "Mrs. Warwick could tell us more about these people," she said.

"Can it be that the father of this girl was once Mr. Ashley's bardner?" said Mr. Hille.

That was the way both his wife and he spoke English, but as they spoke correctly and fluently, to draw constant attention to their foreign pronuncia-

tion would be to exaggerate the effect of it.

"Let's toddle round after lunch and ask them," said Lillian Hille, "I met Clive barging about the common this morning when I took Mopsa for a run. He looked as if he had the camel."

Marcella never talked slang in this artless way; nor did she wear the *crivante* tweeds and leather trimmings, and the masculine hats affected by Lillian Hille when she was in the country. She remained her dignified and frosty self when she set out for a short walk across a bone-dry common on a hot August afternoon; an adventure that reduced her hostess and Lillian to a condition of melting dishevelment. It was Mr. Hille who had said that they all needed exercise and would walk, but he owned before they got half-way that he had been mistaken. Marcella, slim and trim and tall, and dressed in white, did not turn a hair. She opened a white sunshade, walked slowly, and talked about sanitary cottages to Mr. Hille. He was about to build half a dozen for the out-door men in his employment.

Gronwell Cottage was a long, low, red-brick house, covered, just now, with roses and white jessamine, and standing well back from the road in land that had once been pasture, and was now garden and orchard. Mrs. Ashley tried hard to keep it a cottage and countrified, but Mr. Ashley sometimes made it difficult. This spring, for instance, without consulting her, he had put up new gates. He said in excuse that he had seen the Hilles looking contemptuously at the old ones. Mrs. Ashley could not conceive why any one should care whether the Hilles were contemptuous or admiring. She had liked her old shabby gates, and shuddered whenever she saw the new ones. They were the color of cocoa, and had gilded spikes.

"Very handsome," Mr. Hille said,

when he first saw them; and to-day he pointed out the new improvement to Marcella.

The Ashleys were having tea in the garden when their visitors arrived, and Jack Arden was having it with them. Violet Ashley was like her mother outwardly, elegant and delicate looking. She did not care for the Hilles, and she had never been really fond of Marcella, although two years ago she had hoped that Clive would marry her. In those distant days it had seemed a good match for him, and Violet, like her father, had an eye to the main chance. But in two years the enormous success of *Æonion* had changed the family fortunes. They had been comfortable, now they were rapidly becoming brilliant; and as to him who hath is always given, Jack Arden showed every sign of being serious. If he endowed Violet with his worldly goods, Clive might marry any one, meaning by any one "some one." Violet had not fixed on the individual yet. Meanwhile Marcella was on intimate terms in the household, and was received this afternoon with cordiality. Lillian Hille sat a little away from the others with Violet and Jack Arden. When she had had tea she went off with them for a game of croquet.

"We have not come here to-day for the pleasure of seeing you," Mrs. Hille began when they were all settled in their places. She was a woman with a genius for putting what she had to say as clumsily as possible.

"But it always is a pleasure," said her husband.

"Of course, Gustav, Mrs. Ashley takes that for granted. However, what brings us here is a letter from Hamburg asking for information we cannot give. My husband has a cousin over there——"

"Senator Hille," said Mr. Hille, "a very prosperous man. His son is over here."

"Do you mean a young man we met at Mrs. Warwick's the other day?" asked Clive, "the one living with the Byrnes at Surbiton?"

"Exactly!" said Mr. Hille, "the question we came to ask is, who are the Byrnes at Surbiton?"

"Marcella says they are impossible," said Mrs. Hille.

"I said I didn't know them," amended Marcella; but the mischief was done, and she only had herself to blame. She might have known that a word spoken confidentially to Mrs. Hille would probably be repeated in public when it was most inconvenient. Clive had not answered Mr. Hille's question, and he looked away from Marcella so steadily that it was like refusing to speak to her.

"Who are these Byrnes at Surbiton?" Mr. Hille said again. "They let rooms, and they have an only daughter."

"Helga Byrne," said Mrs. Ashley. "Such a pretty little thing—ten years ago."

"Helga Byrne! that's the name," said Mr. Hille. "My poor cousin is terribly upset by the affair."

"What affair?" said Clive.

"If you mean my former partner, Francis Byrne, and his wife," said Mr. Ashley, speaking rather stiffly, "socially speaking, they are as good as we are—at least they were ten years ago—when we knew them. Mrs. Byrne is a foreigner, but——"

It was like the Hilles' impertinence, he thought, to come here asking for information about people they and their foreign connections did not think good enough. Francis Byrne had been a fool in business, but in private life Mr. Ashley knew perfectly well he was on a different level from the Hilles, and even from himself. In private life he had rather liked the man.

"Mrs. Byrne was one of the cleverest and most charming women I ever knew," said Mrs. Ashley. She spoke

in a low voice, and did not meet her husband's eyes. She had never talked to him about his quarrel with the Byrnes, because she felt sure that he had played a hard, unscrupulous part in it. She had not the strength of character to wrestle with her husband at a crisis, and her instinct was to shut her eyes to his faults for the sake of peace.

"But, my dear Mrs. Ashley," said Mrs. Hille, "when you knew the Byrnes they had not come down in the world."

Mrs. Ashley's eyes met Clive's, and it comforted her to know that he shuddered inwardly as she did.

"I call that a hateful phrase to use about people—unless they drink," he said.

"It's a hateful fact," said Mr. Ashley, "but it happens to fools, however sober they are."

"Did you and Mr. Byrne dissolve partnership?" asked Mrs. Hille.

"We did," said Mr. Ashley.

"He must be a fool," said the lady; "I suppose if he had remained in business with you they would be rolling in money. Why did he do it?"

"But, Claudine, you are indiscreet," said her husband.

"Perhaps there was a quarrel," persisted Mrs. Hille.

"Mrs. Hille is quite welcome to know what happened," said Mr. Ashley, his heavy eyelids nearly veiling his small eyes. "I thought every one knew. The term of our partnership was at an end, and I refused to renew it. I was entirely within my rights. The man hadn't a penny; but that was neither my fault nor my concern."

"Hadh't he sunk a great deal in *Æonion*?" said Mrs. Ashley.

"He had. So had I. And at that time no one supposed we should ever see a penny back. I'm a man of business, not a prophet, and I acted according to my lights."

"To be sure. To be sure," said Mr. Hille. "I should have done the same myself."

"Of course," continued Mr. Ashley, in an inflated tone, "of course it is a very serious thing for a man's family when he plays the fool as Byrne did. But that is the man's own look-out."

"We have not heard yet what Mr. Byrne's misfortunes have to do with your news from Hamburg," said Clive to Mr. Hille.

"Can't you guess?" said Marcella.

"This young man, Conrad Hille, lodges with the Byrnes at Surbiton," said Mrs. Hille, in an explanatory way to Clive, "and he has written to his parents about that extremely pretty girl who was at Mrs. Warwick's party. They are naturally upset and write to us; but I ask you, what can we do?"

"Why is it natural that they should be upset?" asked Clive; and his mother sent him a little glance of amusement and understanding that no one else saw, and which pleased him immensely.

"But, my dear Mr. Clive," remonstrated Mrs. Hille.

"In Hamburg my cousin, Senator Hille, takes as good a position as your father does here," said Mr. Hille. "This young man is his only son. His parents expect him to marry well."

"I see," said Clive.

"Has he said that he wishes to marry this Miss Byrne?" asked Marcella; and somehow her question suggested that such folly on Conrad's part was unlikely.

"It has not gone so far yet," said Mr. Hille, solemnly. "They speak of a possible entanglement and want us to find out how far it has gone."

"We must have the young man to dinner and ask him, when we go back to London," said Mrs. Hille.

"I shall advise them to remove their son from Surbiton," said Mr. Hille; "such things may become serious."

"Are they the kind of people to bring

a breach of promise case?" asked Mrs. Hille. "From what Marcella tells me and from what you say, dear Mr. Ashley——"

"Who's going to play croquet?" said Clive, swinging himself out of his chair as if he had had enough of this discussion. Marcella got up too and they walked together as far as the croquet ground which was close by. Clive did not speak till they joined the others, and then he managed to start a new game in which he was not wanted. Marcella and Lillian Hille played against Violet and Jack Arden, while Clive walked away to the kitchen garden and found a quiet corner where he could smoke and rage furiously. Here, about an hour later, his mother found him.

"They have gone," she said, sitting down beside him.

"Beasts," said the young man, succinctly.

"What kind is this cousin at Surbiton?"

"He's all right, not a bit like them; a decent little chap, I should say."

"I wonder what Helga Byrne has grown up like. She was a lovely child."

"She is a most lovely girl," said Clive, from the depths of his heart. His mother felt startled by his tone and looked rather anxiously at his face,

the face of a man who for once feels able to speak as he thinks.

"Do you know her?" she asked.

"Yes," said Clive. "I talked to her at that dance Mrs. Warwick gave for her nieces in June and again at her tennis party the other day."

"Then you think all this fuss the Hilles are making is absurd?"

"Ridiculous!" said Clive.

"If there is nothing against her but the want of money—why, I hadn't a penny myself."

"I suppose you had connections," said Clive, gloomily.

"So have the Byrnes, as good as mine."

"Have they?"

"Yes. But I'm afraid Mr. Byrne has lost sight of them all."

"He seems to have been unwise. It's hard on his womenfolk."

"They'll be all right if this marriage comes off, I suppose."

"What marriage?"

"The girl and this young German, the only son of Mr. Hille's cousin."

"Oh! That!" said Clive, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"He's quite a decent little chap," he said, getting up.

"Then I hope it will come off," said Mrs. Ashley. "I loved Mrs. Byrne, and little Helga too. I should like to see them again."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

There is a difficulty in discussing the foreign policy of the United States that one is conscious of in the case of no other country. It arises very largely from that happy or harmful isolation which has relieved America from the effects, at once complicating and fortifying, of a constant external pressure.

Alone among the great Powers the United States is not menaced. Her size and strength, and the accident of her geographical position and surroundings, have combined to shield her in an almost untroubled tranquillity. Nothing endangers her national security. Fortune has exempted her from

the conditions, animosities, and distractions that convulse the older world. She is never made to realize that national safety, national existence even, depends to-day, as much as ever it did, upon brute force. From the elements of international strife she stands more or less serenely apart; a law of nature is virtually suspended in her favor. Of all that follows, when two Powers of nearly equal strength and of possibly conflicting interests live within striking distance of one another, she knows next to nothing. She has no enemies to guard against, no definite or even probable crisis to prepare for, no opposing standard by which to measure her naval and military equipment. It is true that in obedience to the combative instinct she has from time to time done what she could to fill the vacuum by labelling this Power or that "the enemy," and by manufacturing the regulation number of "scares." A few years ago Great Britain was the favorite American punching-bag; after the Spanish war Germany took our place; of late it has been Japan. But these manifestations of the bellicose spirit that mingles so oddly with the ingrained altruism of the American people have never been anything but highly artificial, have never had a political in addition to their psychological value, have never possessed that immediate and tangible reference to actualities or probabilities which would at once and rightly have been ascribed to them had they emanated from a European people. In Europe we live in a powder magazine, and rarely have the fear of an explosion out of our minds; the supply of combustible material is already so ample that the temptation to add to it factitiously is not hard to resist. The Americans, by comparison, live in an atmosphere of extraordinary simplicity, spaciousness, and self-absorption, until from very boredom they are forced to make inter-

national mountains out of molehills, a diversion which by itself is proof enough of their unique immunity from the serious realities of *Weltpolitik*.

In general, foreign affairs are minimized over there at least as much as they are exaggerated over here. Americans, indeed, can hardly be got to take them seriously. A diplomatic dispute with another Power, conducted by either side on the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to the normal routine of their existence, and when you have mentioned the Monroe Doctrine you have pretty well indicated the sum total of the average citizen's interest in external politics. The description of the Americans as "a nation of villagers" still holds good in the sense that their local consciousness is far more intensive than their national, and still more than their international consciousness. The education they receive in world-politics is meagre and intermittent in amount, and extremely unsatisfactory in quality. During several years in the United States I do not recall a single well-informed debate in Congress on the foreign policy of the Republic, or a single Member who ever treated his constituents to an address on so alien a topic. Americans are apt to regard all European happenings with an amused and impersonal indifference, as of no possible concern to their own fortunes; they can hardly as yet conceive a definite, material connection between their own welfare and politics and the issue of a rivalry between two European Powers—Great Britain and Germany, for instance—that will be decided, if at all, several thousand miles away from American territory. The idea that Europe has one set of interests and America another is still, I suppose, subscribed to almost unanimously from Maine to California; and the average, busy, complacent citizen, self-contented and remote, knowing noth-

ing of the fierce juxtapositions and imminent contentions of Europe, and convinced of the unassailable strength of the United States, still, I suppose, regards the wars and diplomatic disputes of the Old World with a purely spectacular interest, as a sort of drama provided for his diversion. The operative opinion of the Commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against permanent and entangling alliances (while altogether ignoring his emphatic advocacy of "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies"), still shrinks from any course that threatens "complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions. That this attitude must in the long run prove untenable; that the United States cannot indefinitely preserve the immunity from the conflicts and problems of Europe and the Far East which has served her well during the hundred years and more of her material upbuilding; that she is destined to be drawn with a constantly increasing celerity into those clashes of policy and ambitions that formerly she could afford to look upon with an almost complete detachment—all this, which seems axiomatic to a dispassionate onlooker, is still not only disputed but denied by the great majority of the American people.

And they persist in disputing and denying it in spite of the fact that events and necessity have outrun many of the formulæ, traditions, and prejudices that a decade and a half ago were all but omnipotent. The peculiarity of America's position in the general scheme of *Weltpolitik* is, indeed, precisely this—that her people are unconsciously engaged in adapting their mental outlook to their achievements. The Spanish war launched them on a

stream of tendencies that has already carried them far beyond their old confines, and is inexorably destined to carry them further still. But the instinct of many millions of American citizens is still to pretend that nothing essential has been changed. They have overthrown Spanish power in Cuba and the Philippines, they have strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from Hawaii to Manila, but the far harder task of dislodging the mental habits and prepossessions of a century's growth they have not yet accomplished. They have an Empire, but they have not yet become Imperial. They have expanded physically, but they have still to expand mentally. They are a World-power in fact, but not in consciousness, in breadth of vision, in a resolute acceptance of new conditions, in a not less resolute emancipation from the precepts of an outworn past. They are multiplying every year fresh points of diplomatic contact with the outer world, but their unwillingness to admit, or at any rate to draw any practical conclusions from, the fact that the days of their international aloofness are past, remains pretty much as hardy as ever. Events are teaching them, but the process of enlightenment will be arduous and protracted. The acquisition of outlying territories has destroyed their old strategic compactness and exposed them to risks of a kind that are wholly novel in the experience of the Republic; but they have not yet readjusted their naval and military forces to meet the new situation, nor have they evolved anything that could be called a colonial policy. Question the average American to-day and you will find him either a monument of indifference or an encyclopædia of cloudy misinformation as to all that is happening in America's insular possessions and as to the international and strategic problems that their retention propounds. The white man's

burden, so far as Americans are concerned, has become the white man's boredom; and if there were any way of disposing of the Philippines without losing face too abjectly, the vast majority of Americans would welcome it and follow it with something like enthusiasm. They have failed even to attain to that vague pride of ownership which, among the masses of our own people, does duty for Imperialism. The glamor of being an Asiatic Power, and of ruling over tropical dependencies, has completely faded, and the questions that really interest Americans are still and overwhelmingly American questions. Nor have they put tradition so far behind them as to admit the word "alliance" or any word pointing in that direction into their political vocabulary. They are still far from realizing how much their prejudice against any kind of formal understanding and co-operation with other Powers militates against their effectiveness in world politics; that it handicaps instead of assisting their freedom of action; and that in the broader field upon which the United States has now entered means cannot be adapted to ends, if the choice of means is always to be abridged beforehand by a hard and fast formula.

It follows, if this diagnosis be accurate, or even approximately so, that American foreign policy, so far as it is concerned with the affairs of Europe and of Asia, must proceed without any reasoned and consistent backing of popular knowledge or interest, and must very largely depend upon the personality and opinions of particular Presidents or particular Secretaries of State. And that this really is so may, I think, be shown by reference to the American attitude towards two great questions, one European, and the other Asiatic. The Anglo-German duel remains, and will long remain, the dominating factor in European politics. But

it is the merest commonplace to say that it does not concern Great Britain and Germany alone. All Powers are interested in it, the United States not least. For what is at stake is whether Great Britain and the British Empire and British naval supremacy are to endure. The destruction of German sea-power as the result of a conflict with England would be an important but hardly a vital event; it would no more ruin Germany than Tsushima ruined Russia; it would affect but slightly, and for the moment, the currents of International politics. The destruction on the other hand, of the British sea-power, the disappearance of Great Britain as a first-class State, the dissolution of her Empire, and the rise of Germany to the mistress-ship of the seas, would be developments that would throw the whole world into confusion, and react instantaneously upon the interests and policies of every nation in it. The attitude of other Powers toward an issue that contains the possibility of so reverberant a catastrophe might be one of friendliness towards Great Britain or towards Germany, but could not possibly, one would think, be an attitude of indifference. Yet that, precisely, is the attitude of the American masses. They have at present only the faintest apprehension, so far as they have any apprehension at all, of their own concern in the upshot of the Anglo-German struggle. They do not realize that it in any way touches their interests that Germany should now be the second naval Power in the world, and should be hurrying on prodigious preparations for war or for warding off war. They have not even begun to consider where they stand in the matter, or to which side their interests incline them; whether they are more closely united by bonds of instinctive sympathies, of commerce, of finance, and of political communion to Great Brit-

ain or to Germany; whether, in the event of Germany's achieving supreme ascendancy at sea, the American position in the Caribbean, in South America, and in the Pacific, would be benefited or the reverse; whether, next to the security and well-being of their own country, they have any higher interest than the continuance of the British Empire on its present footing. In the face of the most stupendous situation that has arisen in Europe since Napoleon's bid for the domination of the Continent, the American people as a whole remain not merely neutral, but apparently unable to perceive that it involves themselves, indirectly but none the less unescapably.

But the elusiveness and inadequacy of American interest in non-American affairs may be tested in another way. In the past twelve years the United States has actively concerned herself in Far Eastern politics. She has landed an army on Chinese territory. She has been drawn, willy-nilly, into the vortex of the Far Eastern question. She has played in the evolution of that question a prominent, often a leading, always a distinctive part. She has formulated policies and taken a hand in momentous negotiations. She has definitely enrolled the Far East among the objects of her diplomatic solicitude. It was on her soil and at her instigation that peace was concluded between Russia and Japan. It was she who suggested the restriction of the struggle to Manchurian territory. Her traders have been boycotted by the Chinese, and she has embroiled herself with Japan over the question of immigration. Only last year she put forward an amazing proposal for the internationalization of the Manchurian railways. Since then she has more than once brought diplomatic pressure to the support of American financiers and promoters seeking Chinese loans

and concessions. So far as despatches go, she is definitely committed to the policy of preserving both the open door and the territorial integrity of China; and in 1908 she concluded an agreement with Japan, providing for mutual consultation as to the measures that should be taken to maintain these two cardinal principles. How vast a revolution all this implies, or appears to imply, may be realized by anyone who will throw his mind back fifteen years or so and recall how entirely, before the Spanish war, the Chinese crisis failed to interest either the American people or American statesmen; how Russia's policy in Manchuria, France's in Yun-Nan and Kwang-si, and Germany's in Shantung developed without a word of protest from Washington; how the seizure of Kiaochow was regarded by the "man in the cars" with a wholly spectacular detachment; and how the fight for the open door was maintained by Great Britain alone without the smallest sign of American assistance. Since then the possession of the Philippines and the political and strategic responsibilities entailed by it, the participation in the suppression of the Boxer rising, the expanding recognition of the supreme importance to the future of American trade of the open door, the not less expanding realization that, with the exception of Japan, no country is so well situated as the United States, industrially or geographically, to make the most and the best of the development of China, the exciting incidents in the diplomatic war waged by Mr. Hay for the evacuation of Manchuria, the beginning and rapid progress of actual work on the Panama Canal, the interest aroused by the stern diplomatic duel that led up to the Russo-Japanese war, the emotions so profoundly stirred by the war itself and by the leap of a new, inscrutable, and most formidable Power on the

very edge of Asia to the front rank among the nations, the boycott of American goods by the Chinese, the dispute with Japan over the rights and status of Japanese residents in the United States, the voyage of the American fleet, and latterly the vagaries of Mr. Knox's diplomacy—have transferred American indifference to the fortunes of the Far East into a vigilant concern.

But the precise weight to be attached to this concern is less easy to determine. Nobody really knows whether the diplomatic activities of the State Department represent a settled national policy, backed by the firm and deliberate judgment of the American people, or merely the views and whims of individual Secretaries of State. There is, however, a strong and valid suspicion that the latter version is the true one. Mr. Hay, Mr. Root, and Mr. Knox, in the past twelve years, have written many despatches and formulated many proposals in regard to Far Eastern politics; and in doing so they have carried with them, to all appearances, the applause and support of their countrymen. It has, I should judge, sincerely gratified Americans to see their statesmen acquitting themselves with such distinction and success in competition with Oriental and European diplomats; and what one may call the sentimental sincerity of the American attachment to the open door and to Chinese integrity I take to be beyond question. But diplomacy, to be effective beyond a certain limited range, rests, and can only rest, on the implication of force. Is American diplomacy in the Far East the diplomacy of the pen, or of the pen backed by the sword? Are Americans sufficiently interested in the fate of China or of Manchuria to contemplate the possibility of war? Is there any conceivable development in the Far Eastern situation—short of an organized and deliberate

attack upon American lives or possessions—that could induce American opinion to sanction the use of force? Does American diplomacy in the Far East belong to the sphere of *Realpolitik*, or should it rather be described as a series of more or less astute adventures in the art of bluffing? Is there not an unwritten mandate imposed upon Mr. Knox, as upon his predecessors, by the public sentiment of the United States—a mandate to the effect that he may spill ink, but must not think of spilling blood? All the world knows that America would rush to arms to punish or prevent a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. But although the Far East of recent years has been as much a preoccupation of American diplomacy as South America, can anyone assert that it stands on a similar footing of actuality, or that if, for instance, Japan were to close the door in Southern Manchuria to-morrow, Americans would feel irresistibly impelled to go to war? Another Boxer rising, such as is but too probable, endangering the lives and properties of American residents in China, an invasion of the Philippines by an Oriental Power, a demand that the United States should admit Asiatic immigrants without question or restraint—in such contingencies as these American action could be predicted with every confidence. But apart from these extreme developments, and taking the Far Eastern situation as it is to-day, is there anything in the effort to save Manchuria from drifting from its Chinese moorings and to prevent its political and commercial monopolization by Russia and Japan, or in the struggle for railway and mining concessions of which not only Manchuria but all Northern China threatens to be once again an international battle-ground, or in the intricate political competition that is interwoven with the fight for trade, or in the "racial" issue, or the naval issue—is there

anything in all this, or can anything be imagined as arising from all this, that American opinion would regard as a legitimate *casus belli*? For myself I have little hesitation in answering the question with a negative. There is no fighting value to be attached to American diplomacy in the Far East; Mr. Knox's prolific pen bears no correspondence to the material preparations or the national will power and determination that would be necessary to enforce the policies that flow from it; the objects of American diplomacy are far more clear than the readiness of the American people to adopt or even to realize the only methods by which in the long run all diplomatic goals have to be won; there is not a move made by Mr. Knox in the Far East that could not be countered, and, if need be, resisted, without risk of anything more serious than a verbal altercation with the country he represents. No more tremendous or more fantastic proposal has been put forward in our time than his suggestion for taking the Manchurian railways out of politics; none could have been rejected by the Powers concerned with more summary definiteness; and no country could have accepted the rebuff with meeker acquiescence and less consciousness of its magnitude than did the United States. When it came, in short, to a pinch, it was clearly shown that American diplomacy in the Far East rested on no solid basis of popular approval or comprehension and embodied no national resolve, that the American people would cheer on their Secretaries of State only so long as they encountered no resistance and disavow them unhesitatingly when success deserted them, and that the "man in the cars" had no thought of pushing matters to extremes and cared very little one way or the other whether or not the Secretary of State, in a matter so remote from the familiar and tangible sphere

of popular interests, was adjudged to have blundered.

While, therefore, there has been a decided widening of the national horizon and a not less decided expansion of American diplomatic interests and activities since the close of the nineteenth century, many years must pass and many gaps be filled up before the average American newspaper ceases to treat international affairs in a spirit of either levity or sensationalism, and before the average American citizen fully envisages the position of his country in the family of nations or reaches an adequate understanding of the first elements of *Weltpolitik*. Efforts, however, are not wanting to furnish him with instruction. Within the last year or two three volumes have been issued by American publishers, not one of which could have been written, or if written, could have found an audience, a decade ago. In one of them, *The United States as a World Power*, Professor Coolidge, of Harvard, examines the current relations of his country with the leading Powers with a patient dispassionateness; in the second, *American Foreign Policy*, by "A Diplomatist," there is a capable and suggestive plea not only for a definite Anglo-American understanding, but for a more alert assertion of American interests the world over—in the Near East as much as in South America, in Morocco as well as in China; while in the third volume, *The Interest of America in International Conditions*, Admiral Mahan, with masterly lucidity and comprehension analyzes and explains the present state of European and Asiatic politics, and traces with unfaltering hand their reflex action upon American interests. Each of these books is valuable, and each is significant. Each seeks to rouse Americans to a juster appreciation of the world in which they live and of the problems and responsibilities they will in-

exorably have to encounter. Each does excellent service in strengthening what is unquestionably the weakest spot in America's international equipment—the absence, I mean, of a sober, sustained, and well-informed interest in foreign affairs among the mass of the American people. And each, it is worth noting, is animated by a warm and intelligent cordiality towards British policies and the possibility of Anglo-American co-operation in more than one sphere of *Weltpolitik*.

It is fortunate for America that while a readiness to use force is the ultimate touchstone of all diplomacy, and while a Power that shirks or overlooks the final arbitrament of war is necessarily placed at an enormous disadvantage in the event of a real crisis, the ordinary business of international bargaining is carried on without much reference to the actual or potential power of the negotiators. The United States, through her character, the comparative unselfishness of her aims and the moderation of her statesmen, has powerfully affected Far Eastern developments during the past decade, and may affect them even more powerfully in the future. Herself indifferent to territorial aggrandizement at the expense of any Asiatic State, her ambition is to protect China against partition, to insist on equal access to all the markets of the Far East, and to act as peacemaker among the nations. This ambition is somewhat hampered by the anti-Japanese point which American diplomacy seems to have acquired since the Peace of Portsmouth, and by an uneasy consciousness that the future is likely to increase rather than diminish the chances and causes of friction between the two nations. The United States has never liked the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; she is not wholly reconciled to it even now that an end, has been put to the equivocal and unsatisfactory position we might

have occupied in the event of trouble between herself and Japan. There is a suspicion in Washington that we are allowing ourselves to be overridden by our inflexible ally, that we are content to look on with supine helplessness while Manchuria is converted into a Russo-Japanese province, and that our efforts to make the open door a reality have been practically abandoned. It is therefore through a *rapprochement* with China that American statesmen chiefly hope to make themselves felt in the Far East and to give effect to their new policy of pushing private trade by every artifice of official and diplomatic assistance. As the only Power whose interests on the Asiatic mainland are purely commercial, the United States has always stood high in Chinese regard; but to-day it is not too much to say that the Celestial Empire leans almost exclusively on American support, and recognizes in the United States her best guide and well-wisher. If she has in the whole world a single sincere friend who would gladly see her strong, united, and progressive that friend is America. It is from America that China will receive the ablest and most disinterested assistance in transforming herself into a modern State. To direct Chinese advancement from the abundance of their own experience in matters of education, government, and commerce, to be the tutelary genius of that vast, nerveless, disjointed but aspiring Empire, to protect her by diplomatic protests against the encroachments of her powerful neighbors, and to reap a legitimate reward in a harvest of concessions—such seems to be the policy which the Americans more or less deliberately contemplate in the Far East.

But when all is said and done the true centre of the foreign policy and interests of the United States lies to the south and not in the east or west. It is in the Caribbean and in Central

America that Washington will continue to find its largest sphere of activity. And in these regions the change that has come over the spirit and methods of American policy since the Spanish war has all the sweep of a revolution. Porto Rico is now definitely an American possession; Cuba, besides leasing coaling stations to the United States, is under a barely-veiled American suzerainty; the Panama Canal is being rapidly pushed towards completion; above all, there is now what may fairly be called a new Monroe Doctrine. The old formula remains, but its consequences and its burdens have been redistributed. The essence of the famous Doctrine which Canning suggested, which John Quincy Adams drafted, and which President Monroe embodied in his message of 1823, was that European colonization on and around the American Continent should cease, and that the existing foreign holdings should neither be increased nor transferred. That is a proposition to which Americans subscribe and will continue to subscribe with an unqualified ferocity of conviction not far removed from fanaticism. In no sense was it abridged by the corollary appended to it by Mr. Roosevelt's presidential message of December, 1904. As a policy of exclusion and limitation the old Monroe Doctrine still stands: its negative purposes and results are unmodified. But some of the consequences of this rigorous ruling out of Europe have been more than negative. The old Monroe Doctrine operated, for instance, to save South American Republics from the penalty of their misdeeds. Whatever outrages they might commit on the persons and property of foreigners, they always knew that they had in the United States a guarantee against the extremes of punishment. While running a fence round South America, the United States turned a blind eye on all that might be happen-

ing inside the fence. Americans evaded, and even denied, the obligation of putting any sort of restraint on their protégés. They prescribed and limited the amount of punishment that might be inflicted by a European Power upon a South American Republic, but they would not admit that the conditions which had made punishment necessary were any concern of theirs. In effect, they helped the criminal to escape justice without stopping to inquire into his crime. The behavior of South America towards Europe was apparently a matter of indifference to them; the behavior of Europe towards South America they always claimed the right to supervise and restrict. It never, apparently, jarred on their sense of justice, or on their national dignity, that the Monroe Doctrine should be used as a cloak for revolutionary turbulence and disorder, or that the United States should stand forth before the world as the accomplice and protector of South American delinquencies.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, was trained in a broader school of statesmanship. He realized that with the growth of the American Navy the danger of a frontal attack on the Monroe Doctrine had passed away; that no European Power would consider even the most tempting portion of the South American Continent worth the risk of a war with the United States; but that the instability, the depredations, and the sporadic unrest of certain of the South American Republics were a real source of complications, and likely at any moment to imperil the relations between Europe and the United States. He realized also that the Monroe Doctrine ought to be relieved of its onesidedness, and that the duties entailed by it should be as fully recognized as its privileges. He therefore enunciated a policy which was in effect a requisition on South America to maintain order, pay its debts, and act with "de-

gency" under penalty not of European but of American intervention. He constituted the United States a sort of policeman of the Southern Republics to choke off the causes of international trouble at their inception. And this transformation of the Monroe Doctrine from a negative to an active and preventive policy coincided with the building of the Panama Canal and with the increasing realization of the importance of foreign markets for American traders. The combination of these three factors has had already some momentous results. It has made the United States revive the project for the purchase of the Danish West Indies; it has installed America in San Domingo as a kind of financial liquidator; it has led to negotiations for the lease of the Galapagos Islands; it has produced arrangements by which the United States is to take over the financial administration of Honduras and Nicaragua; and it will undoubtedly stimulate the demand for subsidies to establish speedy and regular communications by sea between American and South American ports. These various developments have not, it is true, taken place without increasing the already vivid suspicion entertained by the South American Republics that they have more to fear from American than from European Imperialism. Mr. Root did all that any Secretary of State could do to allay this suspicion by visits to South American capitals, by frank explanations of the purposes and scope of American policy, and by endeavoring to unite the Central Republics in a league of peace and arbitration. But his good work has already been largely undone by the arbitrary and erratic diplomacy of Mr.

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Knox, and the forward movement of American policy, accompanied by the hardly more palatable fact of American economic penetration, is viewed to-day by the Spanish-speaking Republics with deep though ineffective hostility and misgivings. Yet it is a policy which both on its political and its commercial side is bound to go on. The collapse of the Diaz legend, the extremely difficult problems that confront the new rulers of Mexico, the overwhelming preponderance of American interests immediately south of the Rio Grande, and the possibility that Mexico will gradually resume its old habits of insurrectionary disorder, have, indeed, forced Americans to realize that their responsibilities under the new Monroe Doctrine may necessitate action nearer home than they thought. The southern boundary of the United States is to-day the Panama Canal, and from there northward to the borders of Texas, and southward to the confines of Brazil and Peru, one looks in vain for the elements and guarantees of a permanent security. Over the whole of this vast region American influence must in all probability be supreme. I do not mean that Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the rest will be annexed to the American Union, but that step by step the responsibility for maintaining internal order and inter-Republican peace and for insuring financial regularity will gradually pass into American hands or be exercised under American supervision. It is there, at any rate, and in the Caribbean that American policy is likely to undergo its main developments and American commitments to increase most heavily.

Sydney Brooks.

THE EDUCATION OF STUDY.

The study of facts is an important element in education. Not of unrelated facts, or even of related facts which make up only a trivial whole; but it is essential that some serious subject of fairly wide range should be presented more or less constantly for a period of at least several years to a man's mind, so that it becomes in a sense his own, before he can rightly be said to have received an "education." The greater and the more humane the subject, the better *pro tanto* the education; but any really serious subject will serve. And it must be remembered that individual minds differ as much as individual constitutions: what is meat for one is poison for another, so that an inherently inferior subject is to be chosen rather than a better subject that excites a genuine, even though an apparently illogical, antipathy. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

Such a study does not constitute an education. But it is the only education for one portion of the complex human being. Without doubt, character and other things have also to be educated—things more important than the portion which is educated by study; but ordinary life in reasonable surroundings does a great deal towards providing that education. It is the special province of such institutions as Universities to provide the education of study.

Happy that University in which specialized study and social life proceed harmoniously, each helping the other, and both contributing their quota to the building up of the good and qualified citizen! But I must at the outset enter a protest. I regard as nonsense the opinion that the social life of our Public Schools or Universities is materially better from the point of view of education than the social life of commerce or of labor. It produces indeed

a type of *manner*; but *manner* and *manners* in the old sense, *mores*, are two different things. "*Manners* makyth man," *manner* does not. It is well to speak with a nicely modulated voice, and to put one's insults blandly; but, after all, such matters are only anise and cummin.

And yet all sensible men will agree that a refined manner is a right result of a University training. Study itself, as apart from social influences, contributes to the result. But I emphatically assert that it is not the vital end for which Universities exist. Still less vital is the acquirement of something more than a *manner*, the adoption, as a sort of second nature, of a series of *mannerisms* which mark a particular class. The modern equivalent of "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" is no necessary characteristic of the sons of *Alma Mater*; nay, when such things become common in a University, one may well shake one's head and begin to fear that "plain living and high thinking are no more."

Athletics, within reason, tend to physical health, provide a useful change of pursuit, and evoke a salutary spirit both of individual and of corporate emulation. But if, in the very central seats and shrines of learning, they acquire such predominant importance as to obscure, nay, almost to annihilate, all claims to distinction other than those which they themselves provide, is it possible to view the situation without grave concern? "Blues" may be, often are, the best of fellows; and I do not deny that they are a proper academic product. But they stand where they ought not. In the undergraduate mind the sense of proportion between work and games is lost; or, rather, it is not lost but absolutely inverted.

One dare not, perhaps, speak with

confidence of the conditions of any University but one's own; yet, so far as I am able to gather, non-academic intrusions have gone much further at Oxford than at Cambridge. Indeed, at Oxford, a serious attempt is made to justify them. It is urged—to put it briefly—that collegiate life, with all its various activities, is the main thing; that such a life moulds character, and that academic study is a secondary affair. I reply that such a life does indeed mould character, but that so also (and often better) does the life of a young man making his way in business or even in service; and I further reply that, if the Oxford of to-day is right, the Oxford of the past and the Universities of Europe throughout the ages have been altogether wrong.

Cambridge has certainly shared in her sister's fall; but less disastrously. She continues to discharge functions which are those neither of the mess-room nor of the dancing-school, but of the University. In a word, she still insists upon systematic study, not as an adjunct to, but as the staple of, an academic education. In other respects she is not wanting; but accidents have not led her to forget the substance. She does not indeed remember it as wholeheartedly as could be wished, but yet she remembers it; she has fallen, but not very far.

We may well inquire what the causes are that have obscured at both Oxford and Cambridge (though in widely differing degrees) the *raison d'être* of a University. But first it will be useful to sweep out of the way any notion that may be found lurking in odd corners to the effect that things have always been very much as they are now. I believe that *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and still more, *Verdant Green*, are responsible for this kind of idea. Any one who has listened to the reminiscences of the generation of dons that became finally extinct in the 'eighties

and 'nineties will know that as regards the early and middle Victorian periods, such a fancy is essentially without foundation. At both Universities—particularly at certain colleges (but not always for any great length of time at the same colleges)—a strange toleration was extended to opulent indolence or to dissolute extravagance; but at neither University, *taken as a whole*, did the same license exist as exists to-day. More important still is the clear fact that, until somewhere about the 'seventies, "reading," mainly with a view to a degree, was almost universally recognized as the primary academic duty (whether fulfilled or unfulfilled) of an undergraduate. The conscious view that the pursuit of sports or the practice of social life came really first in order of merit was unknown, or, if known, known only in circles singularly unrepresentative of the general feeling of either University.

But a change came. The effective organization of games in the Public Schools—an organization which no doubt had its roots in the *zeitgeist*, but of which the present Bishop of Hereford was perhaps the chief individual instrument—extended itself naturally and almost insensibly to the Universities. The river, "sports" (in the narrow sense) and cricket—the two latter rather a pastime than an occupation—together with hunting for those who could afford it, had previously made up nine-tenths of the sum total of University athletics: and at this state of things no reasonable man could grumble. The only new game indeed that at first came in was football. A start, it is said, was originally made at Oxford with the Winchester variety; but this did not last, and it was the Rugby and Association games only that succeeded in establishing themselves. In itself, this new introduction might have been negligible: but it synchronized with and served to mark the be-

ginning of an era in which systematized athletics have openly, and not without success, claimed as of right a place in the Universities at least equal to that of study and of learning.

That is one of the causes which we are seeking. I have mentioned the *zeitgeist*. Indirectly, through games, it has affected study, by setting up those games as a rival pursuit—a reputable and avowed rival, be it remarked, not a disreputable and unavowable rival like idleness or debauchery. But the *zeitgeist* has also struck more directly.

Later than the year 1880 (I even doubt whether the movement had begun in 1885) an extraordinary obsession has attacked the minds of most classes of Englishmen. It is to the general effect that book-learning of any kind—apart from the three *r*'s and the like—is of very little value. As I wish carefully to avoid all possibility of exaggeration, I will not say that the current view goes further than this; but I know individuals, not taken at random, but such men as I might reasonably claim as representative of the opinion of their respective classes, who maintain even violently that anything like academic study is ruinous to all practical efficiency.

This sort of attitude does not, perhaps, react immediately upon the undergraduate; but at any rate it influences him through his previous environment. In a vast number of cases he comes to the University without having been, either at home or at school, led to attach more than the most trivial importance to matters of the mind. And this evil is, it seems to me, being rapidly accentuated by the new form which school teaching, such as it is, is now assuming. The substitution of a sort of rule-of-thumb process for the ordered reasoning of Euclid appears to be symptomatic of much: and the very multifariousness of the more modern curriculum distinctly deters even the

intellectual school-boy from the ordered study of any one subject.

Nor can we neglect—in searching for explanations—the urgent need for cash, consequent on shrinking collegiate incomes, which causes the admission by shoals of more or less wealthy paying guests (I can think of no more appropriate term), whose literary or scientific attainments would not, unless viewed through some powerfully transforming medium, entitle them to the privileges of matriculation.

So far, the explanations are, it would seem, common to both Universities, though some of them may be thought to affect Oxford more than Cambridge, for the simple reason that Oxford is undoubtedly more “fashionable.” But—if I may speak hesitatingly and with diffidence—the very merit of Oxford, namely, that she has always studied *men* rather than *matters*, and has ever been careful to *humanize* in large measure all her traditional curriculum, involves to-day the defect that that University is uniquely ready to forget that the study of *matters* is necessary if the study of *men* is to become possible. It was one thing for Oxford, not many decades ago, to uphold, for example, the claims of applied mathematics, with their human or quasi-human element, as against the pure mathematics of Cambridge: it is quite another thing for Oxford to say (if indeed she says it) that neither mathematics nor classics nor anything else of the sort particularly counts, but that collegiate life and the life of the playing-fields are the true education. I dissent utterly: *corruptio optimi pessima*.

In the background of various of the evils and difficulties of the kind which, without any claim to exhaustiveness, I have indicated, lies—unless I am greatly mistaken—the virtual disappearance from effective English life of anything which can properly be called a scholarly class. Parsons, physicians,

barristers and the University dons themselves some fifty years ago formed the backbone of such a class. That is no longer the case. The great professions have become partly, as in the case of parsons, over-specialized; partly, as in the case of barristers, over-commercialized. But whether a profession, in itself, is over-specialized or over-commercialized, or suffers from any other fault, that is not the chief mischief. The chief mischief is that the great world has ceased to regard professional eminence as a substantial asset, unless it be accompanied and certified by a display only possible to a man of considerable pecuniary means. And, what is worse, there is no narrower world left distinct from the great world. Outside the four walls of his University the master of a college, if a poor man, has an inferior status to that of a Bond Street tradesman. He has not now, as he once had, a circle of his own, distinct alike from that of fashion and that of commerce, but extending all over England, in which to be accorded recognition. It is altogether otherwise in France or in Germany. But in England, in the absence of distinction of birth or quite extraordinary distinction of attainment, money alone speaks. Probably it would not be so were our society to be dominated by its male members; but with us the female element wields an influence unknown on the continent of Europe, and woman worships money.

I would add, as a subordinate but not inconsiderable reason for the eclipse of an effective scholarly class, the annual absorption into the bureaucracy of many of the best brains of both Universities. The Home Civil Service provides a lucrative career, and is replete with amenities; but it usually debars its members from any seriously salutary influence in active life, by shutting them off from responsible dealings with their fellowmen. Under

such a régime the bureaucrat fossilizes only less than the assistant school-master. Both alike are shielded, ordinarily speaking, from the results of their actions: neither can easily be dismissed, and neither gets any grip of the real facts of life. It is an injury to the nation at large that the Minotaur of officialdom claims so large a toll of those who under happier circumstances might have been counted upon to leaven and strengthen the humane professions. Of the Indian Civil Service I should speak in far different terms. Its members discharge magnificently an arduous task; but, nevertheless, India's gain is England's loss.

If there is anything at all in what I have been saying (and it is quite certain that I do not stand alone in my interpretation of facts), it is evident that Oxford and, though to a less degree, Cambridge are suffering from evils not of their own making, but, at least largely, of the making of the English nation. This circumstance renders reform extremely difficult. A University can clearly take steps to cure maladies that have their seat inside its own body; but how, it will be asked, is it to set about eradicating widespread contagion that flows upon it from without? Medical analogy would suggest the experiment of isolation. But that course is impossible. It always was impossible in any true sense: it is doubly so to-day in any sense at all. There is nothing for it but for men of education to carry the war into the enemy's camp and to fight at their source those national evils that are making national education all but impossible. I believe that Cambridge is still qualified to take a chief part in such a crusade.

This is no question of a desperate expedient, of a forlorn hope. Potential allies are in existence throughout the country. They are mute, but yet they are indignant: they are mute because

they lack organization and leadership. Give them organization and leadership sufficient to secure Parliamentary support; and then *faciet indignatio versum*, to the tune of which the preceptors of our youth will have to dance willy-nilly. The British adder is not quite deaf: Matthew Arnold managed for a while to charm it to some effect. I am not suggesting such means as "University Extension" lectures. This is no time for child's play. Legislation is needed, and I think well enough of Parliament to believe that it can be obtained. Legislation is emphatically not omnipotent; but, in view of the fact that our public and quasi-public schools are endowed, and, as it were, "established," they are peculiarly amenable *in posse* to legislative control. Such control I do not love; but *laissez faire* has proved educationally a failure, and control is the only alternative. But for legislation to be useful it must be based on "certain knowledge." I agree entirely with the Oxford contributor to the last number of this *Review*, *Magister Regens*, that an educational Commission of the most extensive scope is absolutely necessary. I agree also with him that our educational system stands in need of nothing more than sensible reform, not of root and branch upheaval. Just as in a complicated piece of machinery, which has started

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creaking and groaning, the expert hand can adjust a screw or a lever and put all to rights, when the non-expert would perhaps be in favor of scrapping the whole plant as useless, so in the public schools a few deft touches might work marvels. And *institutions do mould opinions*; public opinion is not the unaccountable and uninfluenceable thing that some folk think it to be.

I therefore by no means despair of seeing what I have called the "education of study" restored to its proper place in our schools and Universities. But I cannot hope for an immediate reform. Things have gone much too far for unprepared efforts to be successful. I can only trust that those who think with me—and they are many, especially at Cambridge—will, in season and out of season, work strenuously for the good cause. I am sure that we shall have on our side at least the silent support of the newer Universities. I have abstained from speaking of these in detail for the sufficient reason that it would be an impertinence on my part to do so. Moreover, the whole educated opinion of the Continent will be with us. This last fact is a supreme encouragement; for, after all, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, and the verdict of that *orbis* has a way of overleaping even the dissociable sea.

"*Tu ne cede malis.*"

THE CONVERSION OF THE MASTER.

Among the smaller Colleges of Oxford no foundation held a more definite and more assured position than St. Cuthbert's. Its reputation stood high in the Public Schools, and it secured a good type of undergraduate. The Fellows were men of learning, and some of them were doing valuable work in the advancement of knowledge. The Lecturers were good teachers; the

Dean conscientious and tactful; the Tutor efficient and popular with the men. Above all, the Master was a worthy head of such a College; a man of European reputation in his subject, and, withal, a character known and loved throughout the University and beyond for sterling honesty and simple kindness of heart.

When Thomas Bishop was elected to

the Mastership some years before our story opens, it is true that certain old-fashioned members of the University shook their heads at the appointment of the first layman who had followed the long line of clerical heads that four centuries had seen presiding over St. Cuthbert's. But it was generally agreed that their alarm was needless. Such a sound Churchman as the new Master might safely be trusted with the destinies of the College, though he had not seen fit to take Holy Orders. And hitherto time had justified this optimism. The College had prospered exceedingly. Its numbers rose steadily, till the authorities felt able to fix a limit, and make the entrance examination a real obstacle to the weaker applicants.

Though the Master could not preach, like old Dr. Forbes who preceded him, he attended the Chapel services with regularity, and presided with dignity over the annual meeting of the College Mission.

But, after some years of calm, a cloud rose in the sky.

"Look at this," said the Dean of St. Cuthbert's to the Tutor one morning. "Here's a letter from the Master. Says he can't take the chair at the Freshmen's Christian Union—something about reconsidering his position. I never can read his writing—what does he mean?"

"Ah," said the Tutor, with a grim smile (the Tutor had a sense of humor, and foresaw trouble); "haven't you seen his letter in this morning's 'Times'?"

"No. What's he been writing about?" asked the Dean.

"The dearth of candidates for Holy Orders. And he gives as the reason 'the impossibility of belief in the miraculous element in orthodox Christianity.'"

The Dean gasped. "The impossibility of . . . Do you mean to say he

signed his name to that . . . that remarkable statement?" he asked.

"Not only signed his name, but dated the letter from the College," explained the Tutor with unnecessary emphasis.

"Well I'm . . . Whew!" said the Dean. Even Deans have been undergraduates once. "But this is dreadful," he went on, waking up to the full possibilities of the situation. "Poor old Tommy; what can have happened to him? Think of the effect on the College, too—the example. . . ."

"Quite so," said the Tutor, who was a man of the world, and, moreover, had a wife and family to support. "And think of the effect on the College entry when the Master's views get known in the schools."

The news soon reached wider circles in the College.

"I say, you fellows, seen what Tommy Bishop has been writing in the 'Times'?" remarked Anthony Winscombe to a dozen undergraduates assembled in his rooms that evening. Anthony's father was a member of Parliament, and Anthony read the "Times" out of filial feeling.

"Oh, shut up, Tony; we don't want politics."

"But I tell you it's not politics." And Anthony explained the Master's performances.

"What's that . . . the impossibility of . . . say that again—say it slowly, I want to learn it," said Jack Rullock, the captain of the first boat, who had been worsted that morning in a theological argument while trying to explain to the Dean the exact ground of his conscientious objection to early-morning Chapel.

"Yes, I think I've got it now," he said, after a third repetition. "I'll try it on Stole next week." Stole was the Dean.

"Don't you think you'd better write it down?" asked Winscombe wickedly.

Jack hurled a cushion at his head,

which cleared the mantelpiece of ornaments on a ricochet, and Anthony vowed revenge.

During the next week he absented himself from Chapel with great assiduity; and, when the expected summons came from the Dean, called on him at the earliest of the stated times.

But he had under-estimated Rullock's anxiety to put his new knowledge to account. Rullock was already waiting in the Dean's anteroom.

Winscombe rose to the occasion.

"I say, old chap, let me go in first, there's a good fellow," he said. "Got to meet some men at the Club—devil of a hurry."

"Of course, old man, toddle along," replied the unsuspecting Rullock, as the last victim of the powers that be issued from the inner sanctum.

"Good evening, Winscombe," said the Dean. "I see you were absent from Chapel the whole of last week. That is unlike you."

"Well, sir," said Winscombe, with an engaging air of candor, "the fact is, I don't think Chapel does me much good. I begin to feel the strength of what the Master says about the difficulty of believing the miraculous element in orthodox Christianity."

The Dean groaned inwardly. He had known it would soon come.

Patience he talked to Winscombe, who, his object attained, was quite willing to listen to reason, and agreed to give "orthodox Christianity" another chance.

Then it was Rullock's turn.

"I am sorry to have to send for you again," the Dean said. "I thought we settled things last week; and now you have been absent from Chapel ever since."

"Well, sir," said Rullock, with steadily increasing velocity, "last week I didn't explain myself well, but now I see that what really stumps me is the impossibility of believing the miracu-

lous element in orthodox Christianity." He stopped short with a final air of having got a good speech off his mind.

"Oh," said the Dean, "ah . . . yes. Now who taught you to say that?"

"I . . . er . . . learnt it my . . . n-no . . . that is, I didn't learn it at all; it's what I feel," gasped Rullock, getting very red and uncomfortable.

"And then," he said, describing the interview afterwards, "old Stole laughed at me, and talked to me like a man, he did, and a brick, you know. Said all the College needn't go dotty because old Tommy Bishop had made an ass of himself—didn't put it quite like that, you know; but that's what he meant all right. And I'm going to Chapel more regularly, for a bit anyhow, and you men in my boat have jolly well got to come too."

But, although the Dean won safely through his first experience of the effect of the Master's letter, he found it increasingly difficult to carry out his duties in face of such a declaration. The Tutor, too, scanned the list of candidates for entry to the College for the forthcoming year with growing anxiety.

Meanwhile, the Master, honest soul, regardless of consequences, made no secret of his new disbelief in all forms of the supernatural. He talked about the universal reign of natural law, and settled down into a confirmed sceptic about all beyond.

Then he wrote a book, wherein he proved to his own satisfaction that, as the supernatural was by its essence opposed to natural law, therefore no consistent scheme of philosophy could be based upon it. Thus it followed, by the newest of new pragmatic methods, that the supernatural *did not work*, and hence could not be true.

Whereupon Anthony Winscombe pointed out to the Discussion Society

that, by the same line of argument, a sceptical Master of a College *did not work*, and therefore Dr. Thomas Bishop, like the supernatural, pragmatically speaking, did not exist. But this did not reach the ear of the Master.

The College separated for the Long Vacation with much less than its usual self-satisfaction. Relations between the Master and the other authorities of the College had become distinctly strained, and; without harmonious co-operation, it was felt that the position of the College would be seriously imperilled. It was well that all should part for a while.

The Master went to Ireland. He had long promised to visit an old school friend in county Galway, and he set off with a pleasurable sense of relief at starting for a spot so far from Oxbridge.

The visit proved a success. The Master, though an unaccustomed fisherman, caught some fish, and his shooting improved till he could bring back one snipe with an average expenditure of fifteen cartridges.

The wildness of the country appealed to him. He began to enter into the weird spirit of the mountains and the bogs, of the scudding Atlantic storms, and the rushing eddying streams.

The peasantry, too, pleased him, with their native courtesy of manner and original outlook on life. He made special friends of a lonely old widow woman and her consumptive grandson, who lived in a cottage not far away.

The boy was very ill, and the Master, in kindness of heart, got into the habit of visiting him every day.

Suddenly the boy died, and the old woman sank rapidly under the shock. In another week she, too, was clearly dying.

"There's not much I can do for ye that was so good a friend to my Jim," she said to the Master. "But sure I'm

the last of me family, and me an O'Reilly by birth, and it's the curse of the O'Reillys shall be yours when I am gone. What ye curse shall be cursed; and ill-luck shall fall on them ye put the word on."

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Doherty; don't think about such things," said the Master, glancing apprehensively at the doctor, who was sitting on the other side of the old woman.

"But it's do it I will," said she with growing excitement. "Hear me pass the curse to ye now . . ."

"Stop, stop," said the Master, in sudden alarm.

"Better humor her," whispered the doctor; "it's touch and go."

For days afterwards the Master could never think of the few minutes that followed without a blush. That he, a convinced rationalist, should have submitted to the ritual and incantations designed to transfer to his shoulders this absurd Celtic curse was more than he cared to remember, even though his acquiescence was meant to soothe a dying woman.

Though it quieted her for a time, it only gave her a day or two more life. Then she followed her grandson to the grave.

In real sorrow the Master went to the funeral, and, for a few days, felt a gloom thrown over his holiday. He noticed that the people began to treat him with marked reverence—almost awe.

"How little does it require," thought he to himself, "to gain the goodwill and respect of these simple folk! How true it is that 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith . . .'" But here he stopped abruptly. "Ah, no, no; poor ignorant, priest-ridden people."

However, before long a spate came; the fish began to run, and he forgot Mrs. Doherty and the curse of the O'Reillys.

His visit drew towards a close.

"I'm sorry to leave you," he said to his friend on the last day as they sat watching the afterglow of a glorious sunset. "It's a charming country, and yours is a delightful home. Where could you find such a view?"

"Barring that new-built villa of Healy's across the river, it's not bad," said his host.

"Yes, that is an eyesore. Indeed, I could wish it burnt down," said the Master with some emphasis.

"Tim, what's the matter with you?" said his friend sharply, as the Irish butler dropped a basket of peat that he was bringing for the fire, and stood staring at the Master in obvious alarm.

Tim recovered the basket and hurried away in evident confusion.

"Hullo, what's that?" said the host, half an hour later, gazing out of the darkening window. "I do believe old Healy's place is on fire in reality."

Soon there was no doubt about it. The villa was clearly in flames, which increased in violence every instant.

Hurriedly they rushed down to the river, ferried themselves across, and ran up to give what help they could to the burning house. But all was useless, and in a few hours nothing but the charred walls remained.

"Faith, and what was the good of working," said Tim to the Master, as they walked up from the river towards home. "Sure, we all knew it had to burn."

"What do you mean, my good man?" asked the Master.

"Didn't you put the curse on it?" said Tim. "I trembled when I heard ye say ye wished it might burn down."

The Master gasped.

"Do you mean to say that you believe the house caught fire because I . . . because I made that harmless remark?" he said.

"Sure, doesn't all the country-side know that Mrs. Doherty gave ye the

curse of the O'Reillys afore she died?" remarked Tim innocently.

"Tut, tut, don't talk nonsense," said the Master testily.

Tim opened his eyes.

"Faith, and your honor well knows it's not nonsense," he said. "The curse of the O'Reillys will always work for ye, bating ye have a son to lave it to, or give it to another, or get a praste to desthroy it entolrely—Father O'Hanagan, now, he's mighty down on curses."

In spite of his scepticism, the Master began to feel rather uncomfortable. He spent a restless night, and the curse recurred again and again in the fevered dreams that haunted his pillow.

The Master left Ireland with relief. As the mountains and lakes faded from view and were replaced by the prosaic pastures of Midland England, he felt that he was leaving behind that mysterious country which was the natural home of the strange experiences he had undergone. After passing along the line from Bletchley, he felt still more safely removed from romantic influences; while Oxbridge station put into his mind a healthy annoyance with his immediate surroundings, and the sight of the familiar streets and Colleges, the very home of mathematical and physical certainty, completed the cure.

The Master was himself again.

"Tea in the library, Jenkins," he said to his confidential man when greetings were over.

The library was the Master's favorite room. It was on the first-floor, and looked into the private garden of the Lodge, where the Master sometimes took exercise with a spade. The garden was one of his valued possessions. Giant trees spread their aged boughs over spacious lawns, and herbaceous borders gave bright dashes of color against the mellow brick wall which separated the Lodge garden from the smaller ground of the Tutor's house on

one side and the more extensive Fellows' garden on the other. On the third side—that opposite the building of the Lodge—it joined the back yards of a row of houses in a street of the town. Though a thicket of trees and shrubs secured privacy, it could not quite shut out the sounds which came from those houses to disturb the academic quiet of the College grounds; nor could it prevent the cats who dwelt beyond from invading the Master's garden for purposes of sport, exercise, and society.

The Master did not like cats. It was one of his weaknesses. They spoiled his enjoyment of his garden by day, and sometimes they disturbed his slumbers by night.

But, in spite of the cats, he loved his garden, and, on this afternoon, he sat looking through his open window into its leafy spaces, while he drank his tea with slow enjoyment and toasted his feet at the cheerful fire which Jenkins had lighted, more to welcome his arrival than to supply unnecessary warmth.

How trim and well-kept it all looked after the wild bogs and mountains he had just left! What a comfortable sense of well-ordered security arose from its straight gravel paths and close-clipped lawns!

The Master stood by the window. He was congratulating himself on his good fortune in possessing such a home to come to, when a cat, a mangy-looking dirty white cat, the particular kind the Master most disliked, walked out from the shrubs and began scratching one of the best flower-beds.

"Confound that cat!" said the Master.

The cat gave a jump. It turned hurriedly round as though it had forgotten something, and stood still for a second. Then it sprang three feet upward, clawing wildly at the air. As soon as it touched ground again it ran round two

or three times in a narrowing circle, rose on its hind-legs, tottered for a moment, and then fell flat on its side. A few convulsive movements of the limbs and all was still.

The cat was very obviously and conclusively dead.

At the first sign of trouble the Master clutched the curtains. The drama was so rapid that he remained rigid with staring eyes till all was over. Then his knees gave way, and he sank back into the nearest chair.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

All his comfortable sense of security had gone. If his evil power could follow him to Oxbridge, clearly there was no hope in flight.

Presently he rose, stole softly from the house, took a spade and a rake from the tool-shed, and walked quietly down the garden.

After a panic-stricken evening, a sleepless night, and a miserable day, about dinner-time the Master began to recover.

Not much harm was done, he reflected. He had had a useful warning at small cost. What was a cat more or less in that garden? He must learn strictly to control his tongue, and no further bad consequences need be feared.

He took up his duties once more. Some engagements, it is true, he found a little difficult. In fact, he definitely refused to read a paper on "The Impossibility of the Supernatural," which he had half promised to the Heretic Society last term. Whenever he thought of the link in the train of argument which depended on the proposition that "the supernatural did not work," he had an involuntary vision of the death of the cat. Certainly in that case something had worked only too well, and that something could hardly be classed among the "natural."

But, except in such matters, his life

gradually resumed its normal course.

One night, after a hard day's work, he had gone to bed with a headache, and, after some hours of wakefulness, at last had dropped into a refreshing slumber.

Gradually sounds dawned on his consciousness. He dreamed that he was listening to a village pump suffering from want of grease. Then the pump turned into a Highlander and its handle into the bagpipes. He strove hard to tell the Highlander that he was playing out of tune.

Then he woke, and the sounds, continuing, resolved themselves into cats—two cats serenading in the garden.

The Master bore it as long as he could. Then he got up, leaned out of the open window, and said "Sh—sh."

The cats stopped their song, and the Master returned to bed. After some minutes of tense listening he composed himself once more and tried to sleep.

Once more the cats broke forth into music, and once more the Master lay in misery and endured it.

Presently a new thought—a wicked thought—entered his mind. He thought of his curse. He could end this noise if he liked—end it summarily and finally.

In horror he leapt from his bed and said "Sh—sh."

The cats stopped for one scornful second and then began louder than ever.

The Master covered his ears with the blankets and tried to shut out the sound. It came through everything. He gave it up and lay listening.

He could tell where the cats were. They were in the shrubbery. No one would see in the morning till he could go with a spade, if he . . .

He threw himself over violently on his other side. How could he think of using that Satanic gift? He must bear the noise.

It grew louder. His head ached to

distraction. After all, why should he scruple? He would shoot the cats with pleasure—drown them, poison them, get rid of them anyhow by natural means. Since he had this other power, why should he not take its advantages as well as its drawbacks? Really he . . .

The cats grew silent. Whatever had he been thinking of doing? Of course he could not use that curse; besides, there was nothing in it—it would not work, even if he did. But, in his inmost soul, he thought of the first cat, and knew it would.

Suddenly a new and more diabolical burst of noise came from the garden.

"Confound those animals!" broke from the Master almost unwittingly.

With straining ears he heard a scurrying sound, then two faint miaows, then two flops, and all was quiet.

The Master took a strong oplate and found forgetfulness.

In the morning he knew that he had sinned, but somehow he did not much mind. He had taken a long step on the downward path.

He began furtively to try experiments whenever a cat appeared. He observed with interest the merely temporary inconvenience caused by his expressed wish to "bother that cat," and the complicated and humorous evolutions which corresponded to the word "drat." Once he got as far as "blast," but, in a well-kept garden, the consequences were too vigorous and sanguinary to bear frequent repetition. On the whole, he determined to clear his garden of cats by the use of "confound."

One morning he was sitting at work in his library when a loud caterwauling arose in the garden.

"Confound that beast," said the Master promptly.

He listened for a moment to the gasping sound that followed, and went on with his writing. Presently, at the

end of a sentence, it struck him that he would go and look for the corpse of the cat. It had not made quite the usual noise in expiring, and might lie in too exposed a position. He lit a cigarette and strolled to the window.

No sign of the cat appeared. He looked all round the garden, even over the wall to the Tutor's garden, where the perambulator under the tree showed that the latest infant was taking its usual morning siesta from ten to one. He could not see the cat anywhere. It must have crawled into the shrubbery to die. He supposed he would have to go out with a spade and hunt for it presently.

Suddenly a thought struck the Master—a thought which made him drop his cigarette and clasp his hands to his head in agony . . . the perambulator . . . the baby . . . was it indeed a cat that had cried? or was it . . .? Oh, horror, he must be going mad!

He must see—he must know the worst; but the hood of the perambulator was up and the baby was hidden from view. What could he do? He sank into a chair faint with the shock.

"Lunch is ready, if you please, sir," said Jenkins, appearing at the door; but he added hastily, "Are you ill, sir? Shall I fetch the doctor?"

"No, no, Jenkins, rather faint, that's all; it's nothing," said the Master. "Get me some brandy in a little water, quick."

Jenkins ran and soon returned. The Master coughed with the strength of the drink he brought.

But it did him good. The Master recovered the power of movement. He sent Jenkins away. He would want no lunch—a cup of soup could be brought if he rang. His one desire was to be alone to think.

He must climb the wall of the garden and examine the perambulator and its contents. He returned to the win-

dow. The perambulator had disappeared. What did that mean? Had they fetched the baby in as usual, or had they come and found . . .

He must see the Tutor. The Tutor would know at once if there were anything wrong. He crept out of the library, down the stairs, and into the court of the College. Then he slunk across to the Tutor's rooms, which communicated with the Tutor's house.

"Mr. Gateham in, Lists?" he asked the clerk in a hoarse whisper.

"No, sir," said Lists, looking at him curiously. "Mr. Gateham was called out in a hurry a few minutes ago."

The Master went out. Twice he crossed the grass to go to the door of the Tutor's house, and twice his courage failed him. He noticed that the clerk was still watching him out of the window. Then he thought that it would be easier to ring the bell of the door opening into the street, secure from the observant eyes of the College porters. He went out of the College gate and turned down the lane. His heart stood still as he saw Dr. Veronal's motor-car waiting at Mrs. Gateham's door.

With his legs almost sinking beneath him he went up to the chauffeur, who was sitting in the car.

"No one ill, I hope," he heard his own voice say as from far away.

"Oh, it's only the baby, sir," said the chauffeur in a reassuring tone.

Only the baby! The Master knew the worst. He could bear no more. He turned back and staggered home again.

He crept up to the library and sat hour after hour, face to face with despair.

There would be an inquest. What would the doctor's report be? Would they diagnose any known disease, or would marks of violence appear? Would the verdict be murder against some person or persons un-

known? Or, terrible thought, would suspicion fall on the nurse? One thing was clear. Sooner than let an innocent woman suffer, he must give himself up.

But would he be believed? Could he convince a legally minded judge and a jury of common-sense Oxbridge tradesmen that he had unwittingly killed the Tutor's baby by the action of an Irish curse aimed at a supposititious cat? How could he prove his absurd contention? Should he offer to demonstrate his power on one of the jury to be chosen by lot? The judge might not allow it; perhaps even the jurymen himself would object; there was not much public spirit in that class of person.

There seemed no way out; gloom settled deeper and deeper on the Master's mind.

Jenkins brought some soup. He let it get cold.

Jenkins laid the table for tea. He ate nothing, but drank four cups feverishly.

Presently there was a ring at the bell. He tried to go out on to the landing to say he would see no one, but his legs refused their office.

He heard the visitor come in. Then he heard Gateham's voice. Had the Tutor discovered the truth? Had he come to exact retribution, or merely to tell his old friend the sad news?

"Hullo, Master! Sorry to hear you are seedy," Gateham said. "I was out when you came this morning. That young ass Harkaway has come to grief hunting again."

"Have you been home?" asked the Master in a hollow voice.

"Just went in to get a cup of tea and see how they were getting on," was the answer. "Veronal came after lunch to vaccinate the baby. My wife has had rather a bad time."

"I'm *delighted* to hear it," gasped the Master, with an audible sob of relief.

"Eh! What? I said Mary was rather done up," the Tutor said in surprise.

"I mean I'm so glad it's nothing worse," the Master answered in confusion. "I saw Veronal's car at your door—most anxious all the afternoon—great relief . . ." and he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I say, Mary," said the Tutor to his wife that evening, with a chuckle, "you've made a conquest of the Master. You'll have to be careful. He made himself quite ill this afternoon because he saw Veronal's motor at our house. Thought Veronal had come to see you. He was in despair till I told him it was only young tuppence being vaccinated. What have you done to bewitch the old boy?"

Meanwhile, in the twilight, the Master made a systematic and exhaustive search in the garden and shrubbery. At length, in a bed of Michaelmas daisies, he found the body of a fine tabby cat. He buried it with full honors.

The relief experienced by the Master was not a thing to be expressed in words. He thanked God—yes, God—that he was not guilty of the innocent blood of that infant.

But as he lay awake in the silent watches of the night, he came clearly to see that this horrible power was not safe in his hands. Through no care of his own he had been preserved from a dreadful act—one which would have embittered his whole remaining life.

There was one chance. Tim, the Irish butler, had suggested that Father O'Hanagan might know a way of exorcising the daemon and freeing mankind for ever from the curse of the O'Reillys. At the time, he had scoffed at the idea. Now he had come to regard it as his one faint hope of salvation. He would go to Ireland at once.

Next morning he wrote to the Tutor, who was also Vice-Master, that urgent business called him away for some

days. He told Jenkins to pack a small bag, and he took a return ticket to Galway.

He knew his friend was away. He was glad of it. He drove to the town nearest the house and put up at the inn.

Next day he started on foot and sought the cottage where Tim lived with his wife and family in the intervals of his duties. Tim was at home.

The Master found some difficulty in explaining the object of his visit.

"Want to desthroy the curse entirely," exclaimed Tim, when he understood. "It's Mrs. Doherty will be sad to think her curse should die. Couldn't yer honor pass the curse to me now?" he said coaxingly. "Sure, and I wouldn't use it," he added hastily, as the Master emphatically refused, "barrin' just now and thin—'twould be mighty convanient to go racin' wid—and mebbe sometimes win I had a bit af a book agin' the favorit' at Ballyscraggan races."

The Master felt that he had not fully appreciated the opportunities given by the possession of a curse like his in a highly civilized age. But, nevertheless, he was firm.

Reluctantly Tim confessed that he had heard of another way, and agreed to call in Father O'Hannagan.

The Master never revealed what followed.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Once more the Master returned to Oxbridge. Once more he told Jenkins to bring tea to the library. This time he sat and watched deliberately with beating heart for the sight of a stray cat.

After two hours' vigil one appeared. He let it get well on to the lawn, in full sight of the window. Then, with something like a prayer in his heart—

"Con-con-f-found that cat," said the Master.

The cat yawned, licked one of its paws, scratched its right ear, and walked on.

The Master sank on his knees by the window.

We extract the following announcements from the editorial comments of the "Oxbridge Magazine" about two years later:

"A meeting of the Freshmen's Christian Union was held on Wednesday last. The Master of St. Cuthbert's read a paper on 'The Necessity of the Supernatural Element in Religion.'

"We are glad to see that the number of Matriculations in the University again breaks the record. Among Colleges with notable increases is St. Cuthbert's, which has partially recovered the fall it experienced during the last few years."

W. C. D. and C. D. Whetham.

A MID-VICTORIAN CHRONICLE.

We remember to have seen recently, among those fragments of news which have a value superior to truth, the statement that an enterprising author proposed to found an academy for novelists. We have not heard what is the guiding idea which he proposes to impart to his pupils, but, for our part, the theme which we should recommend for an inaugural lecture would be a dis-

course upon the considerable disadvantages which attend the possession of genius in a novelist. It is the prerogative of genius to create a work of art which the world receives as a possession for ever. There is this disadvantage about an immortal book, that it is no more valued to-morrow than it is to-day. Its lustre shines with a steady radiance which surprises us into no

sudden gratitudes, no periodic recognitions. The novelist of genius has seen his world with a certain idiosyncrasy of vision. The curtain which he raised astonished his contemporaries, and to the end of time the same masterful and originating personality will dazzle their descendants. Such a man may lead us forth among his scenery and his shows, his creatures may talk, and his children may act, but all the while it is his mind that we are exploring. The windows that served him to see without serve us rather to look within. The persons of his book may live with an intensity that makes solid flesh seem ghostly, but we know that they have drawn their blood from their creator's veins. We cannot think of Colonel Newcome, save as an emanation of Thackeray, and Père Goriot is always a thing in Balzac's dream. The marvel of these creations is always fresh, and criticism can but say of them, as the angels in "Faust" said of the universe, that they are "glorious as on the first day." It is to a talent more modest and less original that it is given to tell the tale which gains a fresh charm as the generation which heard it dies away. While the subject of a portrait lives, we think first of all of the audacity and mastery of the technique. The man himself we suppose we know. We may encounter his familiar features any day of the week, in the chance intimacy of the street. We value, in the artist who sketches him, his singularities of vision, his daring departures from our common judgment, his idealization, or his malice. It is when the man is dead that the faithful portrait by the sure hand which never dreamed of treating the canvas as a vehicle for the revelation of an artist's temperament, begins to smile upon us from our walls, talks to us with its eyes, and walks among us with a perpetuated life.

It is this quality of fidelity and mod-

esty in portraiture which is winning for Anthony Trollope's novels to-day a second period of popularity and favor. Our fathers welcomed him as an agreeable chronicler who told with charm and humor an entertaining tale of the life they saw about them. They must have glowed, as they read him, with the flattered pleasure of recognition. They saw themselves in his pages, and the mirror smiled and sent them satisfied away. But a genial fidelity is not, in a contemporary portrait, an arresting characteristic. We all of us tend to bestow our attention more readily on the novelist who comes to us with some promise of an esoteric revelation, some personal comment on the nature of our time, some exciting perception of its greatness or its pettiness, some note of romance or polemic or satire. But Trollope shares with Jane Austen an attitude of acquiescence which is the rarest of all moods among considerable artists. He sees the world about him as a remarkably interesting and amusing show, and never by a phrase or a calculated heightening of the lights or a darkening of the shadows does he suggest that it might or could or should be other than it is. The realism of the artists who have used that label with a conscious defiance is, often enough, a polemic against the nature of things. It marshals its scrupulous descriptions with the pedantic and crushing accuracy of a legal indictment. It offers its photographs as the most damning of evidence. The true realism is this genial intimacy of Trollope's, which would alter nothing in a world where there is really nothing to conceal. He accepts the inequalities of fortune and the divisions of class as contentedly as an Indian accepts the immutable order of caste. He writes of the life of the governing class without question or criticism, as a devout Brahmin might write of the habits and pretensions and

amusements of his own hereditary priesthood. Disraeli could use the political novel to expound a self-conscious defence of the aristocratic idea. Trollope's political novels are supremely aimless. They are the easy records of a society which did not realize as yet that it must stand on the defensive. Here is the English governing class, in the last days of its unchallenged supremacy, contentedly reforming itself away, and playing to the last the game of power and party with the ease and decorum and unreality of long habit and perfect complacency. There ripples through it all a delicious sense of fun, which verges at moments on a sort of satire. But it is the fun of intimates and equals. It is the laughter of the men inside the club at the game in which all of them are absorbingly engaged.

The Barchester novels have a distinction of their own, and perhaps it is only the supremacy of Jane Austen in the same *genre* which causes us to class as achievements of second rank their delicacy and their juggler's success in keeping our interest alive by the constant manipulation of humors so restrained and excitements so gentle. We are constrained to admit that to our thinking Trollope's success in this kind is uncertain and imperfect. The thinness of the plot is apt at moments to grow wearisome, and the conventionality of the persons in the end oppressive. His masterpieces are the political novels, with their ampler stage and their robuster theme. The four volumes of "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux" have their sure place among the classics. Their re-appearance in Messrs. Bell's dainty series, with an introduction by Mr. Frederic Harrison, serves to emphasize the new meaning which they have acquired for our own generation. Of their charm as novels what need is there to speak? One need never ask of romancers a

hero more attractive than handsome Phineas Finn, the penniless Irish adventurer, who made a profession of politics, won his place within the Cabinet by the inexhaustible devotion of great and gracious ladies, and married in the end at once for money, power, and love. It is a triumph of tact which makes his fortunes probable, and preserves him, amid a world which competed to spoil him, fresh and manly and simple-minded.

Nor could even a jaded attention ask for a more thrilling chapter of accidents and adventures than that which carries the hero from the Old Bailey dock to the Treasury Bench. Trollope has at his command a plausibility of manner which enables him to lie like any romantic while he keeps the sober countenance of a realist. His Phineas fights a duel, saves a Cabinet Minister from murder, is himself nearly murdered by the same Minister, and is tried on the charge of murdering another Minister, and all the while we are perfectly satisfied that such ups and downs of fortune were the commonplaces of public life in the late 'sixties. But these books are more than novels. They have the atmosphere of memoirs, without the tedium and without the malice, which are poison and antidote in most political diaries. We live through these chapters the intimate inner life of the old Whig ascendancy in the last days of its oligarchic glory. We just discern the Irish question on the horizon, which soon was to come crashing with its explosive Celtic reality into this Anglo-Norman idyll. We listen to the disturbing controversy over the ballot which was presently to make a democracy. We laugh disdainfully at the crude violence of a demagogue Press. But Ministries are still made in drawing-rooms, and boroughs are still the gift of territorial magnates. Whigs and Tories are ceaselessly engaged in

stealing each other's clothes, and within the inner circle government is a masquerade qualified only by one's duty of believing in one's hereditary party. The grave and scrupulous Mr. Monk does, indeed, cross the stage with a disturbing reminder of the meaning of principle, and Phineas himself sows his wild oats on one occasion by resigning office to plead the cause of the Irish tenant farmer. But such aberrations and accidents as these serve only to bring us back to the beaten paths of the party game. It is a world in which everyone, from the great Whig Duke to the youngest Under-Secretary, contentedly serves his country by pursuing his own career in the party to which birth had called him. Trollope is no slave to historical accuracy, and his portraits are free extemporizations based on single aspects of his great contemporaries. But one reads the spirited account of how Mr. Daubeny, the Tory Premier, astonished the nation by proposing to disestablish the Church, and Mr. Gresham, the Liberal leader, turned him out of office in the name of outraged honesty, with a regretful sense that fact has been very far from living up to all its higher possibilities.

The memory tends in its retrospect of this mid-Victorian chronicle to single out from it what is well-invented and bizarre. The occasional divergence into mild satire, and the climax of a slight digression into a decorously melodramatic plot, are, however, only Trollope's tactful devices for relieving the easy probability of his tale. His portraits are never dashed with caricature. They hunt and they lobby, they perorate and make love, with unvarying

plausibility. The quiet fun and party intrigues make up a world in which there still is room, despite the cool coloring of a correct and passionless society, for a deeper note of sincerity and feeling. As a revelation of that generation there could be nothing more illuminating than Trollope's portraits of mid-Victorian ladies. They are the women of the transition. They have nothing of the soft incompetence of Thackeray's more virtuous heroines. They are all capable. They are all personalities. But their life is still by private influence to further the careers of the men. They marry to lay their fortunes at the feet of their lords, and scheme in the drawing-rooms to bring office and power to their masters. The husband exacts a literal obedience and an absolute submission, and even when a spirited woman revolts, it is without any consciousness that right or reason or public opinion can possibly be on her side. One just discerns the faint beginnings of the coming change in a stray phrase of a clever girl who wonders, as she surveys the vacuity of her existence, whether "Mr. Mill will pull us through." But Trollope was neither critic nor commentator. He pointed no moral as he wrote; one is scarcely curious to inquire whether he himself perceived a moral. He saw the dim shadow of social transformations without a wish to hasten or retard them. He sketched the life about him, an inchoate contemporary scene. We turn back to his books with the mingled amusement and respect which a good son may feel as he turns the pages of his father's diary. We gather as we read the unearned increment which comes to truth from time.

THE BITTER COMPLAINT OF THE ELEPHANT.

[It is understood that horses will be substituted for elephants in the State Entry that opens the coming Durbar celebrations. The writer of these lines, in deference to the judgment of authority, refrains from expressing his own opinion on this change, and merely attempts to voice the inarticulate views of the supplanted pachyderm.]

We wish to know what we have done,
 What wrong unwittingly have wrought
 (At present I can think of none,
 Whether in deed or word or thought)
 That we whose royal functions trace
 Their rise to prehistoric sources
 Should sacrifice our pride of place
 To things like horses.

What was the feature, Sir, that most
 Embellished *Curzon's* great Durbar,
 Gave tone to our Imperial boast
 And staggered trippers from afar?
 What made the stranger cry, "Gee-whiz!
 That's bully; we can't claim to beat your
 Circus out West?"—the answer is:
 We were that feature.

In panoply of gold brocade
 With frescoes, in the best of taste,
 On trunk and pensive brow displayed,
 Along the pageant's lines we paced;
 Rolling serenely like a sea
 That bears a fleet of treasure-galleys,
 We scorned the tricks that seem to me
 More fit for ballets.

Suavely, in single file, we swung
 Beneath the howdah's gemmy hood,
 Aware that India's future hung
 On our behavior, bad or good;
 We might with ease (but we did not)
 Have run amok and caused a melly,
 Doing I dare not picture what
 Damage to Delhi.

Yes, with a dignity of style
 As monumental as the Taj,
 We strode sedately, mile on mile,
 Obedient to the British Raj;
 You, Sir, were represented there,
 And so will kindly bear me witness
 What cool decorum marked our air,
 What sense of fitness.

They call us pachyderms, and yet,
Trust me, our skins are not so tough
But what we feel it when we get
A horrid puncture in the buff;
And so with our interior parts:
When crossed in love, our vitals languish,
And to be humbled melts our hearts
With moral anguish.

Had the usurper been a beast
That once had roamed the jungle through—
A tiger, say, or else at least
Something suggestive of a Zoo—
We might have lost, with tearless eye,
Our claim to bear the *Emperor's* lilies,
But O, to be supplanted by
Domestic gee-gees!

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

"A YEAR OF STRANGERS."

How true it is that it is only in solitude that people discover themselves, and how sad it is that most people should spend their lives in avoiding solitude at all costs, as though they were afraid of what they would discover there! Here is a book¹ born, if not of solitude, of the companionships that one finds in solitude; and in its pages one discerns a personality strange and interesting, that has realized itself in loneliness like a flower blossoming in the desert. The appearance of a real book in our literary annals is a rare enough thing to make one greet it as one would greet a new star, for in the firmament of art there are stars great and small, and this is among the smallest, although it shines with a serene and clear-beaming light, to be easily discerned by the simple human eye without aid of literary or other telescopes. The Hungarian name of the author is new to the pub-

lic, but to a smaller circle it is not so much the disguise as the adornment of a figure that but lately shone in that part of London society which cultivates beauty, making always a little centre of light and color; in eclipse and exile now, partly by act and choice of her own; but chiefly through a piece of treachery and misconduct too sordid to be recounted here. It is interesting to the reader only because it was apparently the origin of this book, which is a record of the year which the writer thought to find the happiest of her life, but in which instead she wandered in lonely places and drank of bitter waters.

And yet all that the public, ignorant of the inner story, will see is a charming book by a new writer. There is not one trace of sorrow in these pages. They are as happy as the springtime, as triumphant as summer. No one can read them without being the happier for it, without having something added to his vision of life, some new

¹"A Year of Strangers." By Yol Pawlowska. London: Duckworth. 1911. 5s.

perception of the possibilities that lie in the natural and determined love of life. The book is a perfectly simple account of strangers met in a year of wandering—strangers who became friends. Little children, beggars, Italian peasants, strangers encountered in Persia, in Russia, in Flanders—they one and all have the interest of skilfully painted figures which both adorn and are themselves adorned by the background against which they are shown. But they are not skilfully painted. This is not a skilful book; it is written without artifice. Its style is perfectly artless, although it has a fragrance that might well be the despair of many literary craftsmen. A skilful and sympathetic editor could by a few strokes of the pen greatly improve the style, but he could not greatly improve the book, for its charm lies in the freshness and clarity of the ideas, and the words to express them come naturally and artlessly. The craftsman can easily reproduce this artless style, but he cannot reproduce the attitude of mind behind it. The writer seems to see everything through an atmosphere serene, clear, and very still—the kind of pearly atmosphere through which we have sometimes seen, on a Sunday morning in June or July, an English landscape with river and trees and far-lying meadows. In such moments the atmosphere seems like the clear glass of a picture—fixing it in serenity. There is something of the spiritual calm of Thoreau in these pages of Yof Pawlowska; but Rome is her Walden, and the broad roads of the world her Concord River. Here is an example of her style, taken from the sketch of a young peasant woman in a mountain town of Italy:—

When I was leaving the village to return to my home in Rome, she stood by the carriage to say good-bye to me, holding Alfredo in her arms; Maria, Giuseppe, and Serafina were clinging

to her skirts. She stood by the ruins of an ancient wall; some of its bricks had fallen in masses on to the ground and lay there half crumbled into earth again. I thought how inevitably the ground draws back to herself all that has come from her—Persepolis or a blade of grass.

The wind blew aside Severina's skirts and showed her bare feet; Alfredo's red lips were pressed against her firm brown breast; Maria was a little patch of dull rose cotton; Giuseppe held his small black cap in his hand; Serafina's pale yellow hair was blowing about her face. The ancient wall, the hills, the limestone rocks melted away from my sight—I saw before me something that was eternal.

When one analyzes the material out of which this book has been made one realizes anew the dreadful waste which goes on in most of our lives. When one first reads such a book one's first instinct is to say "If such interesting things happened to me I could make a beautiful book, too." And yet things as interesting as these are happening every day to all of us. All the book is made of is a few encounters with beggars and children and other strangers—the common clay of everyday life. One need not doubt that thousands of other things just as interesting happened to the writer before this "year of strangers." The clay was in her hands always, as it is in the hands of everyone. But with most of us this raw material of life leaves our hands as it entered them, still in shapeless lumps of clay. Here and there the true artist, or, as I prefer to say, the true liver and seer of life, takes the shapeless clay and fashions it into things of beauty. And this is what Yof Pawlowska has done. She found in her hands, instead of jewels, instead of the glories of those Arabian caskets and gossamer rainbow fabrics and fairy gawds which the child in us strives after and cries for, nothing but a little common clay; and out of the clay

she has made these beautiful figures—far, far better than the fairy toys and jewels, because they are fashioned in the mould of life and have the beauty that is perceptible not only to human eyes but to human hearts. Such a book is tantalizing, because it reminds one that the world might be filled with beautiful things if people would only choose them and see them. So far as skill goes, almost anybody or everybody might have written it—if only everybody would! But it is far more common to be able to do a fine thing than to have the will to do it, and sometimes one is tempted to think that all the skill of all the artists in the world is but a substitute for clear vision, love of life, and that serene morning spirit which ought to be natural to us, but seems, in the cross condition of the world, only to be attained through great suffering.

Here is another little passage which is interesting as an example of a happy style achieved through perfect naturalness and simplicity:—

Once I said to her: "If you were married, and some fair-haired babies played about the farm, do you think that you would be happier—do you not think that every time they laughed you would laugh also?" She looked away at the sea, her voice became husky, and she said: "He was drowned out there, I came here as they were bringing home his dead body; I made them lay him down on the sand, and I kissed him on his mouth within the sound of the sea. He had never spoken of love, but I knew, and I knew why he was waiting,

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and my waiting ended when I kissed him as he lay dead. I will have no child, as I cannot have his child. Sometimes, when I sit here alone gazing at the sea, I seem to see him walking on the water towards me, holding a little child in his arms."

Beauty of this kind is full of snares for the author. It is the kind of thing that actors love to mouth, the mere style of which is easily imitated. One trembles to think lest Yof Pawlowska should be persuaded into writing novels or mystical plays for the Court Theatre. We all know what happened in the case of the Irish plays, which in the case of Synge and Yeats began with this morning freshness of style, and which have rapidly been deteriorating into claptrap imitations of themselves. The art required in writing a play or a novel is a technical thing, and is far removed from the artlessness that makes pages like these beautiful. It is impossible for an author to be natural all through a play; if he were it would be a bad play; and one cannot too clearly say that the charm of this book is its naturalness and the limpid clarity of mind and true love of beauty which it represents. There may be more than that in the author—one does not know; but if she never writes another book she will have made out of her year of wandering one beautiful thing, and will have proved for her readers, as well as for herself, that, in the words of Mathnawi-i-Ma'nawi, "the hand of Spring will unfold the secret of Winter."

Filson Young.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

If it were not so serious a matter Mr. Asquith's plan of picking up a policy for his Government by a system of manufacture in which the by-product is often vastly more important than the staple would be highly diverting. He

adopts some tremendous and far-reaching alteration in the Constitution, but when we come to inquire into the genesis of his proposed revolution we find that it was not adopted on its merits, nor was it the immediate end desired.

It turns out to be inspired by an accidental development in minor tactics. For example, he deprived the House of Lords of all power to touch or criticize a Money Bill in the slightest particular and of anything more than a delaying power in other legislation, not because he held that to be the best form of Constitution, but on quite other grounds. The adoption of the policy was really due to an arrangement with the Nationalist Members under which they were to keep him in office and he was to give them Home Rule. But, Mr. Asquith could not deliver the goods except under a system of Single-Chamber government. Thus we have got Single-Chamber government as the by-product of a Parliamentary deal with the Nationalists. So with the announcement that the Government have adopted the principle of universal suffrage. This is not a matter which has been conspicuously on Liberal programmes of recent years, or has been regarded as an essential item of the party policy. Yet suddenly, to the surprise of all Liberals, it has become one of the first planks in the Government platform. The reason is plain for all to see. By adopting this fundamental alteration in the basis of our government, Mr. Asquith is able to get out of the troubles and difficulties in regard to female suffrage which confront him in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons. Again, the revolution is a by-product of a piece of House of Commons tactics. In order that Mr. Asquith may the more conveniently and thoroughly "do" the suffragists we are to have manhood suffrage. Disraeli, with his leap in the dark and his mastery of political legerdemain, never did anything more daring than this. Disraeli, however, would have made the action memorable and picturesque by his flouts and jeers and epigrams. Mr. Asquith does it all with a perfectly serious face. Indeed, his manner is not

unlike that of a process server who suddenly whips a writ out of his pocket and forces it upon an astonished householder.

Though we cannot but draw attention to Mr. Asquith's amazing way of revolutionizing the Constitution, we are bound to say in this particular instance that, though we object to the manner in which it is done and to the levity of the proceeding, we have no objection to the thing proposed. In the first place we are, of course, delighted that the Conciliation Bill and the cause of woman suffrage generally should receive the *coup de grâce*, as it certainly has received it from Mr. Asquith's new proposal. He is going next Session to introduce a Bill for Manhood Suffrage, and he will then leave it to the friends of female suffrage if they can to induce the House of Commons to extend the Bill to all women in the country over twenty-one years of age. Now, translated into action, this means that not a single Unionist supporter of female suffrage will vote for the extension. On the contrary, they will all vote against it. But the same procedure will be followed by the considerable number of Liberal Members who, like the Prime Minister himself, are strongly opposed to female suffrage in any form. The Irish, on the other hand, partly on the merits and partly in order not to run the risk of Mr. Asquith and a portion of his colleagues resigning over the point, and thus breaking up the Ministry, will, we expect, for the most part stop away. But even if a majority vote for the extension of the Bill to women the Unionists and the Anti-Suffrage Liberals are quite strong enough to defeat them. Therefore, as the leaders of the women already recognize, their hopes of getting the vote in this Parliament have been finally destroyed by Mr. Asquith.

The only prospect of getting the vote open to the suffragists was by two

steps. They were first to use their Unionist friends to pass the Conciliation Bill and then later to induce the Liberals, smarting under what they believe to be a party disadvantage, to extend the suffrage to all women. The only possibility left of the women's proposals passing is that enough Liberal Members should put a pistol to the head of the Government and say, "If you will not make the passage of the Conciliation Bill a matter of confidence, quite apart from your Universal Suffrage Bill, we shall withdraw our support from you and put you out of office." Such action might possibly secure the carrying of the Bill, but everyone knows that the Liberal supporters of female suffrage would never dream of doing this. When they promised their support to the women they had no intention whatever of making any party sacrifices in order to secure female suffrage. All they intended to do was to express a pious opinion, coupled, in many cases, with the fervent hope that nothing would come of it. But very few great and important reforms can be carried unless people are willing to make party sacrifices. That and the fact that we were quite sure that the ordinary Radical did not intend to make those sacrifices have always prevented us from feeling any great anxiety about the suffrage question in this Parliament. That in these circumstances the women supporters of female suffrage should regard themselves as betrayed is no wonder, and in a sense we sympathize with them, for we cannot but admit that they have not been honestly treated. The only defence which the Liberal pro-suffrage member can make is analogous to that sophistical plea which Dr. Donne raised in defence of his false mistress:—

For having *purposed* change and false hood, you

Could find no way but falsehood to be true.

No doubt the women suffragists will be very angry and will do their very best to revenge themselves on the Liberal Party. But the effect of this will only be to harden the hearts of those Liberals who are now pro-suffrage and to make them declare that the women are so unreasonable that even though the suffrage may be a good thing in the abstract it cannot be granted. What will tend to increase the spread of this view is the fact that the electoral wire-pullers are beginning to find out that the influence of women in Parliamentary elections has been very much exaggerated. The violence of the suffragettes has disgusted so large a portion of the working class that it is now very doubtful whether women canvassers, unless very carefully selected, do not do more harm than good. Thus, in our belief at any rate, Mr. Asquith has "burked" female suffrage.

Though for the reasons expressed above we do not like Mr. Asquith's method of committing himself to great constitutional changes, we cannot profess to be greatly alarmed by the proposal for manhood suffrage. The present writer indeed has always held that it would be safer and wiser to adopt universal suffrage provided that at the same time there should be a redistribution of seats under which the absurdities, injustices, and anomalies of our present system were got rid of. We are no enemies of democracy, but hold, on the contrary, that the will of the people and of the whole people is the only sure and solid foundation for a modern State. The extension of the franchise need in no way render our electoral system more favorable to the Liberal Party than that which now prevails. Under household suffrage the ordinary man does not get a vote till he marries and has a house of his

own. But the men who marry earliest in this community are the working men, and of these the least highly paid and the least educated. Agricultural laborers are often married before they are twenty-one, and taking working men as a whole their tendency is to become householders very early. On the other hand, the sons of the upper and middle classes and of professional men do not marry nearly so soon, and therefore do not obtain the vote anything like as early. It follows, then, that the enfranchisement of every adult male would not mean that the proportion of what we may call the non-income-tax-paying to the income-tax-paying class would be increased, but rather the reverse. No one proposes that the casual and the homeless tramp should be enfranchised, for though registration will be simplified there will, of course, have to be some qualification of residence before a man is put on the register. If this were not done we should be open to all sorts of electoral scandals. There must be a register, and a properly kept register, in order that men may be identified and punished if they break the electoral law.

A curious and, as we think, hitherto unforeseen result of manhood suffrage will be a great loss of power by the trade unions. At present the number of trade unionists who are deprived of the vote by the present law and who would be enfranchised by universal suffrage is, we venture to say, very small indeed. Almost all trade unionists are parliamentary voters. Therefore it follows that among the persons enfranchised the number of non-union-

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ists will be immensely increased. At present we have not got a truly democratic system, but a system under which far too much power is given to what has been termed the aristocracy of labor. Under manhood suffrage the democracy of labor will have its opportunity. These new voters, remember, will not be nearly so liable to that pressure and intimidation of the mine, the factory, and the workshop as the existing voters are. Looked at, then, merely from a party point of view Unionists have nothing whatever to fear, but, we believe, may find that they have a good deal to gain, especially in the struggle between trade unionism and free labor—the old struggle of the trade guilds and the men outside the guilds in the past, which is to be also the struggle of the future. Unless we are much mistaken, the more far-seeing trade unionists already realize that their interests do not lie in manhood suffrage. Though no doubt they will do some lip-service to the principle, we venture to say we shall not see much enthusiasm on the part of the Labor Members for Mr. Asquith's Bill.

In view of the considerations we have just expressed it is very greatly to be hoped that the Unionist Party will not make the mistake of opposing *à outrance* the proposals for manhood suffrage. On the contrary, they may well refrain from attacking those proposals in principle, provided they are accompanied by redistribution. They will thus make it clear that they are not opposed to a democratic basis for the Constitution, but welcome it when it is justly applied.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In the juvenile field The Baker & Taylor Co.'s publications of the season are varied, including new issues in the Golden Books for Children Series, edited by Clifton Johnson; in the Centaur Series, illustrated by George Soper, and the first two volumes in a new series, under the title "A Child's Guide Series."

"My Lady of Doubts," by Randall Parrish is a smashing romance of the time of Washington and Lee, the winter at Valley Forge and revels in Philadelphia. The heroine is charming, the hero bold and the plot bristles with thrilling situations and narrow escapes. There are masquerades, plots and counter-plots, all told in the accepted style of such tales. This one, however, is more real than many historical novels, and easily holds the reader's attention. It is a stirring, entertaining story. A. C. McClurg Co.

"The Smile of the Sphinx," by Marguerite Bonnet, sets out to be a novel of manners, but it lacks the charm and distinction of style necessary to such a book and falls of either sufficient plot, interest or emotional power to swing its deficiencies in other respects. The story carries the daughter of a self-made wholesale grocer to her marriage with a foreign nobleman, and sees her old lover happy with the lady who has loved him all along, the lady with the smile of the sphinx. A. C. McClurg Co.

"Friends in the End" by Beulah Marie Dix, is far above the average juvenile, even in these advanced days. The story of a young girl's summer in the New Hampshire mountains makes a vivid narrative, interesting with the intensity of a country land rights feud and with the very natural development of the heroine's character. The people

are clearly drawn, and the story moves in a very true sort of atmosphere. A right scale of values is what it insists on, insists, that is, without moralizing on the respective merits of a summer camp and motor cars and farm life and responsibilities. For the snobbishness of fourteen no antidote could be better. Henry Holt & Co.

"Opera Synopses," by J. Walker McSpadden, is a book which will not only meet the need of opera-goers but interest those living outside the large cities who wish to have a knowledge of the standard productions. The plot is concisely told of sixty-four operas in the present day repertoire of the producing managers, and data relative to the history, composer, first production, and cast of characters of each opera are included. Opera is a form of art which now interests a far greater part of the public than formerly; and, as the author says in his preface, a knowledge of the standard operas is as essential nowadays as a knowledge of the classics of literature. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

A house party in Maryland, where dashing modern Northern youths meet Southern belles of acknowledged wit and charm; picnics on land and water; a storm at sea; cases of mistaken identity; delightful entanglements; all these form the story of "An Accidental Honeymoon," by David Potter. There is a zest and a life to the dialogue, and an airy handling of incident, which is characteristic of the author at his best. Those who love a modern story of "fair women and brave men," in a land where the "fairness of the fair" is proverbial, will enjoy this story greatly. In form the book is charming, with fancifully decorated pages and pleasing illustrations,

and it should prove an acceptable gift book. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Anyone who likes children or his own memories of childhood will like "The Believing Years" by E. C. Pearsons. It is no exaggeration to say that the author has put the glory and the freshness of a dream about American child life quite as successfully as Kenneth Grahame about English children. In these story sketches the child point of view is never lost. Yet the author has a mature and beautifully humorous insight into the motives of little fellows. The stories of the circus, the white peacocks and the rose leaves and the brown sugar will linger in many delighted memories. The Macmillan Company.

Mis'-Halcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss, Mis' Postmaster Sikes, and all the other members of the Friendship Village Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality, are still living and working for causes. Shrewd old Calliope Marsh herself tells all about their recent exploits in "Mothers to Men," and the telling is very cleverly done. The style is in Zona Gale's usual vein, colloquial, keen and shrewd. As a novel, this, her latest work, possesses greater unity than the former collections of short stories, and holds the interest closely. Entertaining and enjoyable, it is not mere pretty sentiment, humor and pathos, but shows a sympathetic understanding of women in small towns, and their quickening of interest in their civic duties. "Mothers to Men," will prove an acceptable gift book, better than most, for while it has a most attractive exterior, its contents are thoroughly worth while. The Macmillan Company.

Those who came to know the work of Jeffery Farnol, through the pages of his "Broad Highway," will eagerly wel-

come his latest work "The Money Moon." This much the new book shares in common with its predecessor, that in it the very atmosphere of high romance seems plausible and quite the usual thing. It is delightfully original, the plot moves with amazing quickness, and some of the characters are fit to rank with those of Dickens or the ladies of Cranford. George Bellew, a young American millionaire, is jilted by his worldly fiancé, and goes on a walking trip through the roads and lanes of England. There he meets a delightful small boy, who is trying to seek a fortune for the sake of his guardian, a young and charming aunt. The aunt, it appears, is struggling to save her home, an old Kentish country place, from a mortgage which cannot be met. How George Bellew works wonders, gains his own way, and saves them all, as if by the spirit of magic, is the theme of the romance. There is a breathlessness of interest that will hold the reader spell-bound until the last chapter is finished, and a spirit which will make this a popular book and an enduring one. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Judge Henry A. Shute has already displayed a power to stir us to laughter, such as is granted to very few, and in his last book, "A Country Lawyer," he proves his ability as a novelist. The same keen, appreciative, humorous, warm-hearted comprehension of human nature is apparent here, as in the earlier books, but it is combined with a handling of plot and incident that is masterly. Sam Randolph, a young man from New York, comes to study in the law office of Ira Branch, known as the Squire, in the New Hampshire village of Elmtown. All the familiar characters of such a town are drawn closely and humanly; the habitués of the hotel and livery stable, the witnesses and principal actors in a coun-

try court room scene, and many others. Sam of course comes to occupy a position of prominence as an able lawyer and politician, and the story of his rise over obstacles, hatred and spite is interesting. The character of the Squire is particularly fine, delicately and strongly drawn. A valuable picture of life in New England not so very long ago, the book will confirm and strengthen the reputation which the author has made for himself. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A modern "Sentimental Journey," is "The Long Green Road," by Sarah P. McLean Greene, and more than that. Its chief interest lies in a series of events, many of them unimportant in themselves, which have their value as a background for unusual character study. Hagan Cassidy, an American artist, is discovered in a New England village, and sent abroad to study and paint. Like young Werther, for a time he finds each place visited a setting for a new romance. His loves and sorrows seem very real, and his attachments are sincere and lasting. So innocent and lovable an exponent of the artistic temperament is seldom found, and his wonderful friendship for Joe Leverage is rarely beautiful. Seldom in fiction do we find the minor characters so cleverly and closely drawn as they are in this book. They are real people, of flesh and blood, to us, and the reader seems to sit with them, a member of their company, unobserved. And such a varied assortment they are! men and women of almost every nationality; moods and temperaments of every sort. Surely it is no mean power which can understand and record so faithfully, so many types of human nature. Part of the story is laid in New England, and part on the Continent, but wherever the scene, it never lags nor grows uninteresting. The Baker & Taylor Co.

Daphne Vereker, aged nineteen, is the eldest in the large family of an English rector, and she is one of the most delightful young persons that ever walked in English fiction. The first few chapters of "A Safety Match" by Ian Hay are concerned with life in the rectory; it is a charming family; the rector with his classics and his incompetence, impish Nicky (Veronica Elizabeth Vereker), Cilly, "whose flirtations were more numerous than discreet," Stiffy, "whose chief joy in life was the study of the British Railway system," little Tony, who conducted the burial service or a concert in Albert Hall with equal éclat, Ally who is old enough to shave and Mr. Dawks, the dog. To the shabby, over-run household, comes Sir John Carr, a wealthy mine-owner who had been the rector's fag at school. He is an attractive figure, Quixotic and romantic as the hand of a clever romancer can make him, and yet strangely cold-blooded at times. Daphne marries him because of the financial help she can give her family; he, too, in his own way has bargained for a wife who will be a perfect hostess and housekeeper. The results are what a high-spirited girl might be expected to make them. Interest never falters and the story is powerful at the end. Yet the picture of the children quarrelling over their game of Happy Families and Daphne's Sunday morning rounds are the part that the delighted reader will remember longest. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Seldom is a book of generalizations so interesting as "France and the French" by Charles Dawborn. "Ten years' continued residence in a country," he says, "may explain even if it does not condone a book on the subject. A decade is all too short, but it has this advantage, that one has not lost the outsider's point of view or become insensible to peculiarities." These cir-

cumstances explain much of the value of the book to Englishmen and Americans. It answers question after question that one has always wondered about, questions that could be understandingly answered only by such a person, one who knew intimately French society of all sorts and interpreted it with sound judgment and eager interest from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. The author is, moreover, master of a charming style, perfectly flexible and direct, free from every affectation or suggestion of pose. He treats an amazing number of subjects, but is never either dull or diffuse. Some of the chapter headings will give an idea of the scope and interest of the work. "A Study in Comparative Moralities" is particularly discriminating; "Tendencies in Literature and Art," "New Social Influences," "The Rôle of Political Parties," "The Church and Clericalism," "France and Her Foreign Relations" are most informing. A chapter on the Feminist movement, one on the stage, an extremely good treatment of French Education, and the judicial system, and a chapter on "Discontent and its Causes" complete a book of unusual interest. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. William De Morgan's latest book, "A Likely Story," is one of the most characteristic,—although the shortest of the six which he has produced within the last few years, a mere novelette by comparison, for instance, with "It Never Can Happen Again." Who but De Morgan would venture to blend in one three separate tales—the story of the artist Aiken, and the wife who was "miffed;" an Italian tale of love and tragedy, four hundred years old; and the tender romance of Madeline and her captain betrothed who was one of the "missing" in the Boer war? And

who but De Morgan, in order to make his Italian tale contemporary with the others, would have dared to put the telling of it in the lips of a portrait and even of a photograph of a portrait? But De Morgan knows that he can play any sort of game with his readers without repelling them. The Italian tale is the most exquisitely told of the three; but when the device is extended to the photographic reproduction, which intervenes to throw light upon the causeless jealousy of the artist's wife, the charm loses its spell and all but the most devoted of De Morgan devotees will find Chapter VII rather tedious. But through most of the story there runs a flavor which is quite De Morgan's own,—a flavor of audacity, humor, whimsical confidence, playful intimacy and defiance of the ordinary conventions of novel-writing. De Morgan is never more himself than when he stands a little aside from his story and invites his readers to watch with him how the characters are going on. The most surprising thing is that, in spite of all his whimsicalities, and his jestings with his readers and at them, he somehow makes his characters real and extremely alive. Perhaps the best prescription for getting the most from De Morgan is not to stop to quarrel with him or to find fault with his whimsicalities and his digressions, but just to accept him for what he is and yield one's self without hesitation to the spell of his style. For, with all his whims, De Morgan knows human nature remarkably well and portrays it vividly and truthfully. Not the least diverting and characteristic thing in this book is the "Apology in Confidence" at the close, in which the author, under guise of humility, talks back to his critics. Henry Holt & Co.